

JULY

1944

# WORLD OUTLOOK



NEW MEXICO INDIANS

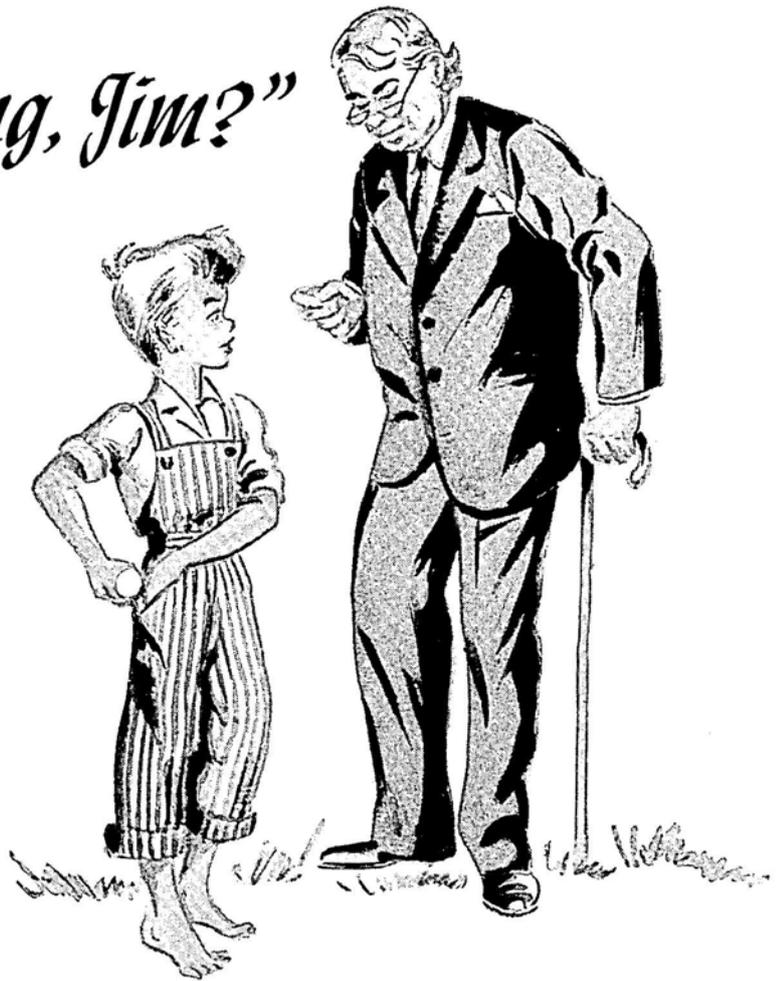
Natural color photograph from Three Lions

# "Where are you going, Jim?"

**O**LD man Jaikes stopped me as I started through his front yard, "Where are you going, Jim?"

I told him Joe Griggs and Hal Thomas were making some mouse traps and wanted me to help. But he persuaded me to forget the mouse traps—at least for the present—and go with him.

I dusted my baggy knees and went off down the narrow road with the old man to the small church.



The benches were as hard as rock, but I managed to sit up straight while old man Jaikes told stories to the kids and gave all of us some interesting things to do. My legs couldn't possibly reach the floor, so I just sat there with them straight out and wiggled my bare toes.

Old Man Jaikes didn't notice. He'd adjust his glasses and continue talking. Occasionally he'd stare over the big rims to see if the kids were still listening to the lesson.

He was a funny old fellow, but he got the biggest funeral ever held in Milledgeville. The mayor and everybody spoke.

In all the years since I've thought a thousand times about that Sunday meeting in old man Jaikes' yard. Every time I have to make an important decision his question comes up, "Where are you going, Jim?" Since that day old man Jaikes sat me down on the hard bench, it's been easy to decide for the church.

It's funny how easy it is to get a kid to attend Sunday School—provided you can be interesting and persistent. I'm very sure my interest started with old man Jaikes.



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# Letters

## Sunsets in Arizona

Seems to me the OUTLOOK grows better and more interesting right along.

As to the sunset on the November (1943) cover, have you ever seen an Arizona sunset? You will never more doubt the brilliance of any pictured sunset, however lurid, after a few sunsets in Arizona.

MRS. EDNA O. WILSON  
Phoenix, Arizona

## World Outlook Takes One Places

I don't know anything I enjoy more than our two publications. They take me to places over the earth that I can never hope to go otherwise. It thrills me to read of the Christian work and experiences of our faithful workers and the discoveries our boys [soldiers] are making about missionaries and their work.

MRS. BEN H. GRAY

Box 1157  
Fort Stockton, Texas

## Alaska Pictures

My little daughter has found a number of interesting pictures of Alaska to place in a scrapbook we are making to help keep in touch with her father who is serving there with the armed forces as a chaplain. Many, many thanks to WORLD OUTLOOK. It's a grand magazine.

MRS. HOWARD DAVIS  
Sulphur Springs, Arkansas

## Church Dinner for WACS

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."  
Our dinner for the WACS on Sunday evening, preceding Dr. E. Stanley Jones' service, went off so successfully that truly spiritual forces were at work.

The women of First Methodist Church who had agreed to serve the dinner said they could take care of about one hundred. I mentioned seventy-five to Special Services, in order that we might have places left for a few of the church people. I thought we would be fortunate if fifty WACS responded. What do you think? When I went up to the Post to get the lists there were 166 girls who had signified they wanted to come. . . . I then hardly knew what to do . . . but to my delight when I mentioned the large number to the ladies in charge at First Methodist, they said, "We want to have them all."

They actually served 162 people that evening. . . . The dinner was excellent and included homemade rolls. . . . Centenary Church provided the three large busses that brought the girls. . . . The Woman's Society of Christian Service of Trinity Church did a lovely piece of work in providing the floral decorations of white spiraea and white lighted candles . . . and their organist furnished piano music.

Members of the Youth Fellowship of

First, Trinity, and Centenary Churches acted as waitresses. . . . When we went across to Centenary for the church service, one entire section of that large church was filled by WACS, and there were others in the balcony.

The fine Christian spirit of the WACS of many denominations is becoming known to civilian groups.

HARRIET SEIBERT

Special worker for the W.D.C.S.  
7521 Battery Place  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

## From a C.P.S. Camp

I just finished reading the April issue of WORLD OUTLOOK from cover to cover. It is certainly the type of thing we need to keep us aware of the things of the world.

Could you tell me a bit about Miss Violet Wood who wrote the article "The Perishable Things"? . . . We like very much to get speakers who are awake on world affairs.

ROBERT J. CARY

C.P.S. Camp No. 46  
Big Flats, New York

## Methodist Missionaries in Rural Cuba Have Variegated Days

Miss Cook performed a wedding ceremony and I assisted. . . . We persuaded them to serve fruit punch at the wedding reception, and they were pleased with it. . . . Saturday we baptized five children. It was the first time some of the people (attending) had ever been in a Protestant service and they were much impressed. . . . Wednesday we went out into the country near Mayari to attend a Rural Institute; there we saw mentholatum, lacquer, and germicidal soap being made, for which the teacher gave us a book of recipes.

LORRAINE BUCK

Baguanos, Oriente, Cuba

## From Mexico

From Mexico City, Miss Ethel Thomas, head of the dormitory for girls in connection with the Industrial School, writes of some of the difficulties of living, with 128 girls crowding the building:

We are suffering as never before from lack of water. At all hours one hears girls saying to each other, "No hay agua!" (There is no water). Everywhere water is scarce this year. "No hay" is the cry about many other things these days. There is no cloth for the girls' uniforms; we no longer eat tortillas; for days at a time we are out of gas; and sometimes we must go out in the car to hunt for bread to feed our big family.

## Missionary News from Szechwan, China.

February 19, 1944

Two weeks ago yesterday Grace Armstrong was married to Stephen W. Sherwood, a British missionary of the Church Army which is affiliated with the Episcopal Church here. The wedding took place in the little Episcopal church in Chengtu

at three o'clock on the afternoon of February 4. Grace asked me to be her bridesmaid. . . . The ten days before the wedding were largely spent in helping Grace get her wardrobe ready and packing done. . . . Wednesday night before the wedding Nina gave a dinner for the bridal party. . . . The dinner was delicious. Nina used some of her precious cheese for cheese straws, cured ham was baked; she had scalloped tomatoes and mincemeat pie; and corn pudding made from her last dried corn.

The whole wedding was British style, the service was Anglican. . . . After pictures were taken we went into Bishop Maxwell's home for a reception; about 140 guests signed the bride's book.

I almost forgot to tell you what the bride wore—a lovely white velvet dress. And we found enough red roses for bouquets.

While I was in Chungking I had such a good time seeing the Laura Haygood folk. Miss Kaung Kwei Yin is doing a brave, fine piece of work under lots of difficulties. I had two delicious Soochow meals with her in her cozy home.

My, but it was a treat to be in the capital city when R. T. Henry arrived from India. . . . We just sat and drank in the news of folk whom he saw on the "Gripsholm" in Port Elisabeth. We pelted him with questions about each of our Shanghai folks, we asked about all our folk in America.

Spring term work is beginning; schools are opening. Girls are paying board in rice, and it is a sight to see them come in with bags of rice. Fees require wads of money . . . one girl has only an old grandfather who is 82 years old. They have seen better days, but now he lives almost entirely on sweet potatoes, for he can't afford rice. His granddaughter cried because the old man had to sell his coffin to help meet expenses.

February 20

It seems such a long time since I have heard directly from any of you. . . . Two days ago the December and January numbers of WORLD OUTLOOK arrived. They always seem like home letters; I enjoy every bit of them and they invariably give me a new lease on life. Rosie's and Sid Anderson's letters from the "Gripsholm" thrilled me. The letters from "our boys" who have written their appreciation of missionary work are encouraging, to say the least.

I do hope a way will open up for missionaries to come west to relieve us whose furloughs are soon due or already overdue. . . . West China needs women trained for institutional church work; and also rural workers. I get a bit frightened when our ranks continue to thin and none are returning to take the vacant places.

I got so thrilled last night as I read the January OUTLOOK. I want to know more about the Bishops' Crusade for a New World Order. What is being done in follow-up work?

LOUISE AVETT

Suining, Szechwan, China

**Christmas at Clara Swain Hospital, Bareilly, India**

Friday evening we went over to the hospital to see the nurses have their tree. They had quite a time. We had some slightly shopworn soap which wasn't too expensive and had wrapped a cake of it for each girl. . . . I think most of them got a pencil, a hankie, and a short length of cloth for a sari blouse. The pencils were just ordinary lead pencils, but the girls liked them best (of all their gifts).

On Tuesday afternoon we had a tea party at the hospital. It was the capping service for the five girls who have passed their preliminary tests. . . . All those you helped passed, and are now full-fledged student nurses.

(DR.) WILMA CONGER PERRILL

**Resettlement News from the Citizens' Committee of Cincinnati**

The Committee now numbers 36 representative citizens from the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish groups, also Nisei, Issei, and the Negro groups, under the chairmanship of the Reverend Nelson Burroughs of Christ Church. . . .

We now have quite a sizable list of truly interested and co-operating real estate agencies, as well as individual apartment owners, to whom we may safely refer incoming people for assistance. Individuals on the Committee also take more and more responsibility in this direction. . . .

When a family is moving into a new neighborhood, we inform the ministers and the school authorities (if there are school-age children) and representatives of the Council of Church Women . . . to insure (them) an immediate and friendly reception. . . .

The "Contact Group" originated at the Y.W.C.A., and has been very effective in creating good will and understanding. Sometimes they meet at the Y.W. or go roller skating together, or on hikes. . . . This group is growing in numbers and is making itself felt among younger Cincinnatians. . . .

There is to be a display or exhibit of campcraft work in May, sponsored by the Council of Church Women—showing some of the very lovely carvings, lapel ornaments, and other bits of fine artistic work done in the various camps, often by people who never before had time even to attempt such artistic self-expression. . . .

In all denominations, the women's organizations have asked for someone to come and explain the whole relocation problem, and to make practical suggestions of what their groups might do. . . .

It is most gratifying to see the way our relocatees tend to take advantage of the many cultural opportunities Cincinnati has to offer. . . . This is indicative of the type of person settling in Cincinnati. . . .

Day by day new ones are coming into our midst courageously determined to start life over again . . . as they endeavor to put their roots down among us and become once more an integral part of the American scene, making their own unique and valuable contribution to the American way of living.

MRS. RAYMOND BOOTH

Executive Secretary

New Series  
Vol. IV, No. 11

**WORLD OUTLOOK**

Whole Series  
Vol. XXXIV, No. 7

Elmer T. Clark, Editor  
Richard T. Baker, Assistant Editor

Dorothy McConnell, Editor  
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
BY JOINT DIVISION OF EDUCATION AND CULTIVATION, BOARD OF MISSIONS AND  
CHURCH EXTENSION, THE METHODIST CHURCH  
EXECUTIVE OFFICES  
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW-YORK

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918. Published monthly at 815 Demonbreun Street, Nashville 2, Tenn. Editorial and executive offices at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The price of subscription is \$1.25 net a year, single copies 15 cents. Printed in U. S. A.



A group of Methodist missionaries from the Wei-hsien Internment Camp repatriated on the exchange ship "Gripsholm" and photographed at the meeting of the Board of Missions and Church Extension

## In a Japanese Internment Camp in China

By Marguerite Twinem\*

FROM the middle of March, 1943, on into April, British, American, Belgian, Dutch, and Cuban old and young were being gathered from Inner and Outer Mongolia, Hopei, and Shantung to be assembled in the Civilian Assembly Center at the once beautiful Presbyterian Mission Compound outside the city of Wei-hsien in Shantung province.

This compound before December 7, 1941, was a great center of Christian activity, administering to the city of Wei-hsien and surrounding villages through its hospital, schools, agricultural, and evangelistic work. Its buildings were spread over about twenty acres.

When we entered this camp the ground was covered with discarded school and hospital records, broken equipment, and refuse. Rooms were bare except for some small newly made washstands and tiny two-shelve hanging cupboards, one of each for every two people. Each person was supposed to be allowed forty-five square feet of floor space. Into this space the bed and two trunks and suitcases, which we, who were from Peking, were allowed to bring, were placed.

Before many minutes had passed we realized a

\* Miss Twinem was a Methodist missionary at Changli, Hopei, China. Interned by the Japanese invaders after Pearl Harbor, she returned home on the exchange ship "Gripsholm" and is now at Anaheim, California.

bit of the situation and began asking who would be willing to do what. Some volunteered to be stokers of the Chinese-type stoves, others volunteered to pump water, bake bread, clean latrines, cook, clean vegetables, clean fish, serve, wash dishes, make and serve tea, cut the bread, scrub up after meals, be supply distributors, be on sewing and darning squad, be a gardener or garbage collector, be a nurse, doctor, or teacher, repair shoes, be a carpenter or mason, butcher or barber, for the eighteen hundred internees.

Clara Pearl Dyer, who has served in North China for thirty-five years, was seen sitting about a table with other elderly women removing the inner tissue from eggshells. The outer shell was then ground very fine by even more elderly men and run through very fine silk, making a calcium powder which was served to children in their bread porridge, that their teeth and bones might not suffer from a calcium deficiency.

Or you would see Maud Wheeler, also one with over thirty years missionary service in China, darning, darning, and darning. She was on the squad for keeping the men's clothes and stockings whole or for helping mothers who were able to do more active work.

Miss Mary Watrous, for many years Dean of the

Gamewell Girls' School in Peiping (or Peking), being an early riser, was ever presiding in a gracious way over the diningroom breakfast. On the memorable days, when she could offer us a slice of margarine or jam or a spoonful of scrambled egg or two slices of French toast which our cooks would start frying at two A.M., her smile more than welcomed you. Otherwise it was the same old story—a bread porridge, our Dutch Catholic sisters taught us to make, and tea.

Mr. Fred Pyke was ever a handy man about fixing screen doors or additional shelves for friends' rooms or acting as a sanitary police or pumping water. Many and varied were his jobs. Jim Pyke, his son, remained a baker—a hot, hard, but an appreciated job which the younger and stronger men did. He also did much in organizing the baseball, basketball, and tennis games. Frances Pyke, ever a spiritual leader, opened our women's organization with well-chosen words. She was often found at the food preparation tables under the trees or behind the tea-making or dish-washing tables.

These six are our Methodist missionaries still in Wei-hsien Camp. Not all could come and five of these had expressed their wishes to remain. Who can tell but what in the near future we, here in America, will be very thankful to have some representatives on the field—anyway, that is their hope that by remaining they can serve.

The ways in which we were able to keep our morale high were numerous. Under Japanese advisers were committee men and women chosen from our group. There were committees on general affairs, housing, sanitation and medical, building and repair, education, discipline, supplies, employment, entertainment, finance, engineering, and athletics.

Weekly concerts, community sings, victrola programs, lectures, adult educational classes, chess tournaments, most popular daily baseball games, and a fine union Christian fellowship program kept the internees' minds well occupied and their hours, before the lights were out at ten o'clock, full.

Besides many other musical programs the choral society, under the leadership of Mr. Curtis Grimes, presented parts of Stainer's Crucifixion, Mendelssohn's St. Paul and Elijah, with Miss Ruth Stahl at the grand piano which was the pride of our hearts, having been brought to camp from the Peking Union Church.

For the youth there was an International Scout and Guide troop organized with suitable new badges and tests. The Brownies and Cubs were also popular and active. They had their Sunday school, Student Church, and a fine two-week Daily Vacation Bible School. The Catholics had their religious activities, too, as there were nearly five hundred Catholic sisters and fathers, besides their members.

What were some of the real values coming out of such unnatural, forced, organized, restricted communal living?

First—The simple living and friendly cheer were most healthful.

Second—The couples, living in a very tiny room, found that peace, love, and tranquility do more toward making a place that is called home—home than comforts and all our modern conveniences.

Third—Facing poor plumbing, very unsanitary latrines and open cesspools, poor drainage of the grounds, no screens, no equipment or conveniences for preparation, storing, or serving of food, the possibility of a water shortage during the summer months, and a very possible dysentery epidemic, our men and women set to work to win against such odds by using their own wits, resources, intelligence, and physical as well as spiritual strength. Some set to work to put into running order the hospital, using as the staff our ten doctors and about thirty nurses. Others set to work digging drainage ditches, filling in holes, and leveling off other areas for gardens. Water became rationed and distilleries for drinking water were made. Pleas backed by good reason were placed before the Japanese for screening for diningroom windows. Additional stoves were built. School desks and benches were made. All types of diningroom and kitchen utensils and equipment were made. Scouts as well as men and women were used in the fly-killing campaign. Covers were made for cesspools and walls built around them. Garbage boxes were made and covers made that fit. The hospital diet kitchen did a remarkable service in feeding children under four, the sick, and all those needing special diets. The Camp's herd of cows, which was ever a delight to the little city children, and the community garden aided the hospital force in serving the needs of those under their special care.

Fourth—Before camp the Protestant missionary had had little opportunity or time to know the business man or his family or the Catholic priest and nun. Here, working side by side at menial tasks, we came to know each other well and with mutual appreciation.

Fifth—I heard many women and men say, "Well, when I return to free living I'll do differently by my servants. What did I expect them to do!" Yes, we learned a needed lesson and were taught a new and keen appreciation of the work of a laborer, and this has caused us, I hope, to grow in sympathy and understanding.

As a result of these six months and the experiences there I pass on to you the Bible verse that meant so much to me. It gives one advice, it commands and admonishes. It gives one a promise to stand on. "Greet it as pure joy, my brothers, when you come across any sort of trial, sure that the sterling temper of your faith produces endurance, but let your endurance be a finished product, so that you may be finished and complete, with never a defect." James 1:2-3.

# A Successful Church School of Missions

By Nellie Earles Quimby \*

OUR small church has held one for two years in succession, using three Wednesday nights for each school. The first year our attendance averaged fifty by actual count. This year we began with fifty-five on the opening night and ended with seventy-two present on the closing night. This in a town of less than two thousand population, in a church whose congregation seldom totals one hundred people. The strength of the school lies in the sound pedagogical principles governing the project.

First comes the planning. The Church Board of Missions and the Missionary Education Committee of the W.S.C.S. form a ready-made organization for this work. They meet and, with plans made, select a chairman to parcel out the work to many individuals.

Publicity is begun about six weeks early. Always it stresses "This is a family affair, of interest to both parents and children." Wherever a church group meets, announcement is made of the Church School of Missions, its dates, and purpose: To educate the entire church until it becomes missionary-minded, not leaving the task to women only. Typed invitations bright with stickers are passed out each week in church school and to the morning congregation. Local newspapers are used freely.

Thus right from the start use is made of a vital educational principle: Repetition. But it is repetition without tediousness. The invitations vary each week, as do the news items and the church announcements.

The second educational principle is variety. We abandon the too familiar routine of a song, a talk, a prayer, and go home! One part only of the program remains the same each night. This is the half hour spent on the study book for adults. The rest of the program varies both in form and in those participating.

Each of the five senses is used in learning. *Seeing*: through pictures, in souvenirs, an exhibit, in free literature, and the study books. *Hearing*: through short talks by both boys and girls, through songs, the study period, and in stories for children. *Touching*: in the exhibit, which under adult supervision everyone may handle. *Tasting and Smelling*: in the closing Fellowship Hour, when we serve simple refreshments appropriate to the races we are studying.

*People like best what they themselves build.* We use as many different individuals from as many different age groups as possible in the programs. Juniors and Intermediates show the simpler posters. Methodist Youth Fellowship members present the more difficult pictures and assist in the serving. Adults arrange the exhibits and prepare the refreshments. An adult reviews the study books. Every project is kept well within the ability of those selected to carry it out. The young people especially enjoy this opportunity to teach adults. Not a boy or girl has been absent when his or her turn came.

Each age group attending finds some part of the School of Missions *adapted to its own range of interests*. There are games and stories for the children, pictures and a place on the program for the Methodist Youth Fellowship, facts for the adults, and moving pictures for everyone.

A quick survey of the programs will illustrate these principles.

The first year the School of Missions was given the general title of "Latin American Fiesta," since the official study books for that year were on Latin America. The first evening opened with a "Friendship Tour." Large posters depicted life in Latin America. Pictures cut from old copies of *The National Geographic Magazine* and *WORLD OUTLOOK* were mounted on poster board. Spaced wide apart, with captions in large letters, they could easily be seen even by "bifocaling" adults! The posters were hung in three groups about the room. An MYF girl, dressed in a full-flowered skirt, white blouse, and wide crepe sash representing Mexico, acted as guide for each group.

"A Treasure Hunt" followed. For adults this consisted of samples of Latin American products wrapped in bright paper napkins and passed in an attractive basket. Six of the samples included typed paragraphs of missionary news, which were read aloud at the opening of the study period. For the children, the Treasure Hunt was a hunt for facts. Under a leader, they gathered before a large map of South America. Here they answered simple questions, either from memory or from the map. These were linked up with missionary items by the leader. Each child received a bit of candy as reward for his answer.

Following the Treasure Hunt, the adults reviewed a section of the study books, while the children played Latin American games in another room.

\* Nellie Earles Quimby lives at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, where the Church School of Missions has become a model for the district.

On the second Wednesday evening, four MYF boys presented more picture posters. Another boy showed a picture of the Mexican flag and explained its symbolism. The room was made colorful by an exhibit of articles from Latin American countries, some loaned by an importing house, and others locally owned. The main item this evening was a two-reel moving picture, "Introducing Mexico." This was secured through the Department of Visual Education. For this adults and children stayed together.

The Latin American exhibit was carried over into the final Wednesday evening. The adults finished their review of the two study books. The children enjoyed a story hour under their own leader in another room. All came together for the closing Fellowship Hour, when maté and cinnamon tea were served. A new group of MYF girls acted as waitresses. Members of the W.S.C.S., who poured the tea, wore beautiful Spanish shawls, thus adding to the color and interest of the evening.

The free literature table was popular. It held old copies of *WORLD OUTLOOK*, *The Highroad*, leaflets from the Board of Missions and Church Extension, and free leaflets on coffee, cocoa, etc. A second table held our allotment of study books. Most of these sold the first evening, and the rest were purchased before the School of Missions closed.

All of that was the first year. We applied these same principles to our Church School of Missions this year. Again it covered three mid-week evenings, and again it was highly successful. Publicity was handled as before. The study book, *The Church After the War*, by Bishop McConnell, was divided into three sections for review.

For background material we used the theme of "We Who Are America," by Kenneth D. Miller. Our general title this year was "Missions Festival—Americans All." Our pictures, a map and talks by the young people, all dealt with the different races which make up America. Instead of posters, pictures were mounted on long paper scrolls. When the young people talked on these pictures, they were unrolled as were the old Jewish scrolls. Moving pictures were used again, this time on the closing night. From our Board of Missions and Church Extension we secured a goodly collection of leaflets for the free literature table.

Stories for the children were selected from "Missionary Stories to Tell" and "More Missionary Stories to Tell," compiled by the Children's Committee of the Missionary Education Movement.

Instead of a Treasure Hunt, a simple quiz covering the first two programs was given to each age group on the closing evening. Prizes were selected from our Church School Catalog. The quiz was used to promote a continued attendance at all three sessions, and to encourage close attention to the topics discussed.

Folk songs from the various races making up our

America were featured the first night, as were Negro Spirituals the second evening. Our community was settled largely by the English speaking immigrant groups. Even some who are of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry have become so Anglicized as to show little traces of their inheritance. So for our exhibit we collected articles indicative of early life in America, making no distinction as to racial groups.

For refreshments during the Fellowship Hour on the closing evening, we served Shoofly Pie, a characteristic Pennsylvania Dutch goody, with coffee, the universal American drink. A collection taken each of the three evenings was turned into our World Service Fund.

Of course this is a lot of work. But do not become too easily discouraged. It is literally true, "Many hands make light work!" This whole project was done by piece work. Call together your Church Board of Missions and the Missionary Education Committee of the Woman's Society of Christian Service to make the plans. An efficient Chairman is the great necessity. With plans made, the Chairman assigns the work somewhat as follows:

One person each for publicity, free literature, picture posters or scrolls, exhibit, tea table, a leader for children, and finally, a capable adult to review the study book. This last should be an alert, vivid speaker. One able to select important points, and sugar-coat the facts with colorful portions of the book, until the facts live in the minds of the listeners. Each person secures any helpers desired.

The Chairman arranges the assigned material into programs, one for each evening, and presides throughout the School of Missions. The result can be a unified and interesting program, with the work parceled out so that no one person has too much to do.

Fun, fellowship, study—in our church this has been an unbeatable combination. The educational principles involved offer a solid foundation upon which to build a successful Church School of Missions from year to year.

### *Remember the Summer Conferences and Schools of Missions*

Mount Sequoyah, Arkansas  
July 3 - 13

Silver Bay, New York  
July 12 - 19

Lake Junaluska, North Carolina  
July 25 - August 2

Waveland, Mississippi  
August 22 - 28

# Lydia A. Kennedy Memorial Church in Santa Cruz del Norte

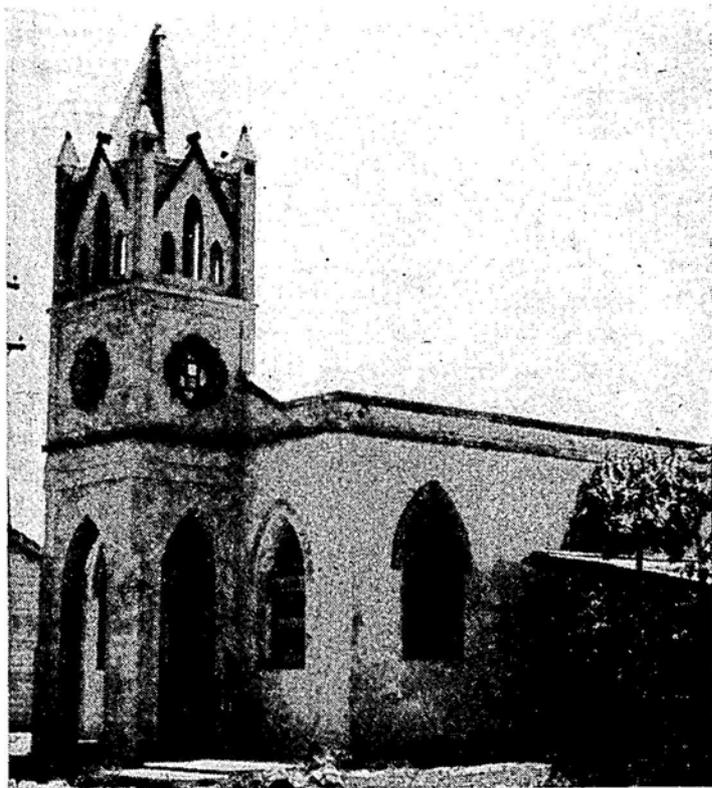
**A**PPROACHING Santa Cruz del Norte from either East or West one passes through the loveliest of palm clad valleys, with high rugged hills on each side. The town is a five-minute ride from the famous Hershey Sugar Mill, itself a thing of beauty with spacious gardens of tropical plants and flowers.

About two hundred years ago fishermen began drying their nets and building their huts along the shore of what is now Santa Cruz del Norte. Today the town has a population of more than three thousand inhabitants. Its history is as peaceful as its idyllic setting. Its inhabitants are a high type of hard-working people, most of whom are white and employed by the Hershey Sugar Mill. Among these are to be found the major part of the Methodists of the town.

The Methodist Church is a most important part of the life of the town. It began when Mr. Arthur Pain, a missionary of the Friends Church, came to Santa Cruz del Norte in 1905. Converts were won and a little wooden church was built in 1911, which was destroyed by the cyclone of 1926, and rebuilt in 1928. A local preacher of the church, the Rev. Juan Carrion, became its pastor at this time, and the church became an independent organization. In 1939 this independent church requested admittance into the Methodist communion, which was happily effected under the wise leadership of the Rev. E. E. Clements, who was then district superintendent.

Aided by members of the congregation in Santa Cruz del Norte, the Rev. Juan Cabuay, a local preacher, a Syrian, and drygoods merchant of the town, has built another thriving Methodist church in La Sierra, a nearby country village. A Methodist day school has also been established in Santa Cruz del Norte.

Almost as soon as the independent church in Santa Cruz del Norte became a Methodist institution there was a rapid increase in membership and attendance. The little wooden chapel became filled to overflowing. For the regular services about a hundred and fifty people would pack into a space designed to seat sixty. So eager for the Gospel were they that forty or fifty would have to stand outside for the opening services of the Sunday school, and even the adult class would have to stand in order to fit into the small space allotted to it. There was need to expand and grow, and more people were interested in coming to church, but the members were in the embarrassing situation of not being able to invite others to church, as there was not even standing room for those already attending.



Lydia A. Kennedy Memorial Methodist Church  
in Santa Cruz del Norte, Cuba

On New Year's night in 1941, Dr. C. K. Vliet, of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, visited the church and presented it with a lovely pulpit Bible, which was given by his daughter, Miss Billie Vliet, in memory of her grandmother, Mrs. Lydia A. Kennedy. Dr. Vliet also announced that as a personal gift as a memorial to the same beloved lady, he and Mrs. C. K. Vliet would donate \$2,200 toward the building of the new church. The people were electrified and set to work to raise a thousand dollars to complete the building. As a result a building worth far more than \$3,200 has been completed, under the able direction of its pastor, Dr. Humberto Carrazana.

The church is a large brick building, plastered inside and out, with attractively designed tile floors, and with tile roof. All the woodwork is of the finest Cuban hardwood. The Epworth League cross shines out from the colored glass of each window. Every parcel of material and every stroke of hammer and trowel is the very best that money and a consecrated devotion could procure. The temple is a perfect jewel in a perfect setting. The green hills tower in the background. The river flows near by into the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and the town lies peacefully at its feet, while its tower dominates the skyline.

# An Orthodox Rabbi in the Navy

By Chaplain David I. Golovensky\*

I T was with some degree of timidity that I applied for a Naval Chaplaincy. This restraint sprang not from a hyphenated patriotism or lack of conviction in the cogency of the cause. Rather did it arise from a vague notion that to be more the Naval Chaplain means to be less the devout Jew; that a constant conflict between the dictates of Orthodox Judaism and the demands of the Naval Service would force either a suspension of the former or seriously inhibit the latter. The question that troubled me was not should a Rabbi become a Chaplain but rather can an Orthodox Rabbi serve the Navy and still retain the binding loyalties of his religious life. Is the title, Orthodox Naval Chaplain, a *psik reshey vlow yamus*, an inherent paradox, or can an adequate adjustment, a *modus vivendi*, be established?

I finally decided to accept the challenge and run the risk. I applied for the chaplaincy, was accepted, and upon the receipt of my orders, reported to the Naval School for Chaplains at the College of William and Mary where I spent ten weeks in training. And since others like me may be troubled by the same doubts that agitated my mind I am recording several observations and reactions based upon my first three months in the Navy.

I first steeled and disciplined myself for the hardships I expected to face. But before long I began to realize that my life at the school would be far happier and smoother than I anticipated. A few days after sessions began the highly esteemed and deeply spiritual Captain, Chaplain C. A. Neyman, in a personal interview he grants every new student chaplain, made it abundantly clear that the Chaplain Corps far from demanding a moratorium on religious fidelity, encouraged tenacity to principle and conviction (where they do not directly clash with the exigencies of military imperatives). This assurance deeply impressed me, yet frankly I wondered how far this could apply to an Orthodox Rabbi, who firmly believes in the validity of the Dietary Laws, the rigid observance of the Sabbath, Phylacteries, and the rest.

However, the experiences of the weeks that followed completely confirmed the statement the good padre expressed. I knew, for instance, that Dietary Laws would constitute a problem and they did. Yet it could be readily met if one is willing to give primacy to allegiance over convenience, and tighten his belt a bit without regarding it a major calamity.

Since meat was served at almost every meal my diet was restricted to about 25 per cent of the menu. Still there was enough of dairy dishes and raw vegetables to satisfy one's basic gastronomical requirements, and when supplementary nourishment was desired, sandwiches and beverages were obtainable on the campus, and the end of day, in the town of Williamsburg. Adherence to Dietary Laws, while relieving me of excess poundage, neither impaired my vitality (which actually increased 13 per cent as tests revealed), nor constituted in any way a handicap or barrier.

The problem of the Sabbath caused me a considerable concern when I pondered the question of entering the naval service. Here, too, I discovered that my fears were obviated by the facts. Saturday at the Chaplains' School is not a regular work day and after 0830 the students are free to come and go as they please until Monday morning. Thus I remained confined to the campus and spent most of the day in reading and study.

True, there were week-end assignments to neighboring naval establishments which took some of the chaplains away from school and these assignments generally required us to begin travel on the Sabbath. But it is precisely in this connection that I want to pay glowing tribute to the faculty for their sympathetic and respectful regard for the religious scruples of their first Orthodox Jewish chaplain. In every instance my assignments were either confined to the campus or enabled me to leave early Sunday morning.

What was the attitude of the 400 student chaplains to their Orthodox Jewish colleague? Here again I must resort to superlatives if I am to accurately tell the story. It became obvious that the genuine spirit of understanding and mutuality, generated by the faculty, percolated through the school and established a happy relationship and reciprocal respect among the entire student body. At the school—and this point cannot be stressed too strongly—not only were differences taken for granted but with the proverbial "57 Varieties" of religious denominations represented, each group was expected to be different. We were living in an environment where differences were not the exception but the norm.

The basic philosophy *liet motif* of the school was harmony and not uniformity. In such a habitat a Catholic priest, a Southern Baptist, a Northern Presbyterian, and an Orthodox Jew can enjoy a spiritual affinity, even feel completely at home. An ideal relationship was cultivated because we all sought to understand and appreciate the spiritual

\* This interesting article by an orthodox Jewish Rabbi of his experiences as a Navy Chaplain was published in *The Jewish Chaplain* and is printed here as a contribution to Americanism and fraternal relations.

values and religious symbols of our colleagues. Thus my Phylacteries evoked the interest of my Christian chaplains even as their Church Symbols aroused my intellectual curiosity.

On our two-day trip to Norfolk, Virginia, our class of 53 was quartered in the gymnasium of the Navy Y.M.C.A. The next morning provided a fascinating spectacle. A score of priests gathered at one end for morning Mass, Protestant groups assembled on the opposite end for their Divine Worship, while I stood off in a corner, donned my Tefillin and recited my prayers. Without embarrassment or apologies we each performed our religious rites in an atmosphere that was charged with spirituality.

This feeling of mutuality went still further. For we did more than passively accept the *mores* of our neighbors. We actively helped each other remain faithful to our respective codes. In this spiritual

milieu it was not strange for my Catholic and later my Protestant roommate to shake me out of my sleep, shout into my ear "Hit-the-Deck," lest I miss my morning prayers. And what they did for me, I, likewise, did for them.

While I do not know what hardships lie ahead in my naval career I am certain that my first three months in the service, which included two weeks in the field, offer ample proof that so far as the official attitude of the Chaplain Corps is concerned one need not compromise his conscience or convictions. I feel justified in predicting that should I in the future relax my adherence to Jewish Law it will be due not to pressure from without but to weakness from within. And to such who may argue that an adjustment cannot be made I reply, "It is not because *non possumus* (we could not) but rather *non volumus* (we would not)."

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# So I Went to Whitebird

By Claude A. Brown \*

THE District Superintendent at the Walla Walla Conference had described the rugged beauty of Whitebird in the most exquisite fashion. They had related romantic lore of that little cattleman's town nestled in a valley overlooking the turbulent Salmon River. Brother Will Daniels, now retired, once had preached a temperance sermon to a gang of cow hands down town while one of his cowboy congregation pointed a gun at the group, saying, "Now the first feller that opens his mouth is going to shake hands with the devil in two seconds." Important personalities in conference affairs circled around as superintendents, past and present, spoke their little pieces. They seemed to vie with each other in their praise of the place as though they themselves would be more than anxious to go were it not for their own appointments.

I was soon to discover that these men had been modest in their description of the scenic beauty of the place. The Whitebird Grade, winding down from Camas Prairie perhaps twenty-five hundred feet, is one of the scenic spots of Idaho. At the bottom of the grade, among the silver maples and watered eternally by a cold mountain stream, here lies Whitebird. As for a congregation—well, that is a different story.

At first twelve turned out to services through curiosity. The crowd shrank progressively until there were only three ladies regular in attendance. Calling did little good, everything had been tried, apparently, but perseverance. The Methodist Church had been attempting services for years with about the same success that was evident at this time. "It's no use," they all said.

My other two points up on top of Camas Prairie, that high plateau four thousand feet in elevation just west of the Bitter Root Mountains in Idaho, were quite successful. The previous year had been a happy one between the pastor's family and the people. This new project, in all seriousness, had been taken for the purpose of working out some theories concerning extensive pastoral work, but such a meager response commenced to be a headache as well as a heartache. Is there justification in driving forty miles down a twenty-five-hundred-foot grade twice a month to preach to three women? The women in the case seriously doubted it.

One spring afternoon I drove down rather early to a meeting of a children's group, which had been announced through the paper. Perhaps fifteen of them were waiting around the church, and when the meeting opened they sang with joy and ex-

uberance. After a brief lesson the boys suggested that we go over to Buttercup flat, which is a little grown-up pasture across Whitebird Creek. We all crossed on a rickety footbridge whose only banister was a strand of twisted wire. In childish fashion they began to fill my hands with flowers. A dozen of them picked different specimens, placing them in my hands and arms and giving them names. They uprooted some choice specimens for my wife to plant in her garden at Cottonwood. Some of them brought colored pebbles to put in my pockets and one twelve-year-old boy held a great butterfly between his hands, his gentle hands. Later it flew away.

Then they commenced to climb rather a steep cliff that arose out of Whitebird Creek. The older children went first, and the smaller ones followed. A little toddler followed in my footsteps, refusing all offers of assistance. Once on top, they scampered up the slope and ran down, sliding to a stop just above that hundred-foot bluff. Boys and girls alike would walk around the dizzy rim or sit down and dangle their feet over it.

One child of nine with sturdy little legs, Jackalene Heiney, granddaughter of one of my congregation, started for the top on the run. I told her to take it easier, but the rest followed. Soon we were overlooking the town of Whitebird, hundreds of feet below us. I had never before seen the village from this side.

When we came back to town rather exhausted there was a telephone call awaiting me. An elderly man of ninety-one years of age had passed away and the family wished my services at the funeral. The next day, with an improvised trio from the village folk, we drove up the river to the historic John Day Cemetery. Many pioneers are buried there. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away is the John Day flat where an early Indian battle was fought. Some rather young pines have crowded out close to the point interrupted by the tiny burial spot overlooking the Salmon River. The old historic stage road, long abandoned, wound past this historic spot.

My own efforts to interpret God to these people was probably inadequate, but the wind pronounced a benediction in the tops of the pine trees and a breath of fragrance came from the lilacs. As for music, the hum of bees and the obligato song of a wild bird lifted us to heaven, while God's sunshine that afternoon kissed the cheeks of those who mourned and dried away their tears.

Returning to Whitebird, we passed through a box canyon where a rather narrow highway has been chiseled from the canyon wall. About halfway through there is a monument erected by a Catholic

\* Rev. Claude A. Brown is a member of the Pacific Northwest Conference of The Methodist Church.

priest in honor of Dr. W. A. Foskett. As we drove along a member of the party told the story. In the early days Dr. Foskett came to Whitebird and commenced his practice. After years of living there, people gained confidence in him as an expert practitioner, a sympathetic friend, and a Christian gentleman. For twenty years he labored among the Whitebird people. During that time he taught the adult Bible class in the little village church, was president of the official board, and his name is written across several quarterly conference reports, now yellow and crisp.

As a physician he would receive calls out almost to the ends of nowhere to minister to the sick and dying. Seemingly he never thought of himself but willingly traveled horseback across raging streams and over windswept points in summer, spring, or knee deep in snow. He would track over the treacherous mountain trails on horseback, sometimes afoot, to cattle and sheepmen's cabins and perform delicate operations in the home, attended only by those he found at hand. On more than one occasion he took his turn at the pole of a stretcher when it was necessary to rush some person sixty miles to the nearest hospital.

The end of Dr. Foskett came violently. After a busy day he was called out for his third consecutive night. He worked to bring into this world a new life, but on the way home his car plunged into the Salmon River. The next day his body was found lodged upon a rock in the bottom of a deep eddy. We stopped the car and stood in reverence at the grandeur of that box canyon. The usually turbulent river here runs still and quiet and deep, but above, the cliff is composed of a schist which has been pitched and heaved and convulsed into weird contortions.

Dr. Foskett died back in 1924 and there is inscribed upon his monument, "Greater love has no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his fellow man."

As we stood there the spirit of Dr. Foskett seemed to be present among the party. Well could he have spoken across those twenty years, "If I labored here twenty years for these people—surely you are not becoming discouraged in six months."

We drove back to Whitebird and met Mrs. Everest, Christian Scientist lady, at the store. She had talked with several people of the town and there had been an expression of interest among townspeople in fixing up the little chapel. This good lady already had enough in subscriptions to cover the cost of painting. While we were talking one of the old-timers, Dan Harden, came along and offered a word of encouragement. "Mr. Brown," he said, "it makes us feel good to have services in our little church. We want a church here and like to know that there are services being held every other week." As though the spirit of the departed physician were already working, Clarence Harden, a son, walked

into the store and contributed further consolation, "Brownie, you know we had ought to be doing more for our little church than we are doing. It isn't because we are unfriendly; we just haven't had church for so long, I guess we have just gotten out of the habit."

That was seven months ago. As I write this on Saturday afternoon, my Sunday's sermon lies here on my desk uncompleted. Tomorrow is a hard day too. There is a service at Nezperce at nine o'clock, then I drive back here to Cottonwood for the eleven o'clock service. After a hurried dinner we then go forty miles down over the icy Whitebird grade which descends 2,500 feet. Three o'clock will be a children's meeting. Monday I am scheduled to climb up on Dumack onto the very breaks of the Snake River. My old car will take a beating and there will be at best six or eight out, but we will give out literature, take names of unchurched children for enrolling them in home study classes.

As for Whitebird, I am greatly encouraged. My congregation has increased to six regular attendants. Tomorrow, I expect to meet Donald, the bell ringer of the Roman Catholic chapel, in Whitebird. Donald has rung that bell three times a day for the last twenty years. Once a year there is a service which includes three constituents besides the clergy. "Just wait twenty-five or thirty years," Donald would tell you, "wait until children now unborn grow up and marry and have children, until other Roman Catholics move in and make homes where non-Christians have moved out, until many non-Christians become Roman Catholic Christians, and we will have a good congregation. Have no doubt about it."

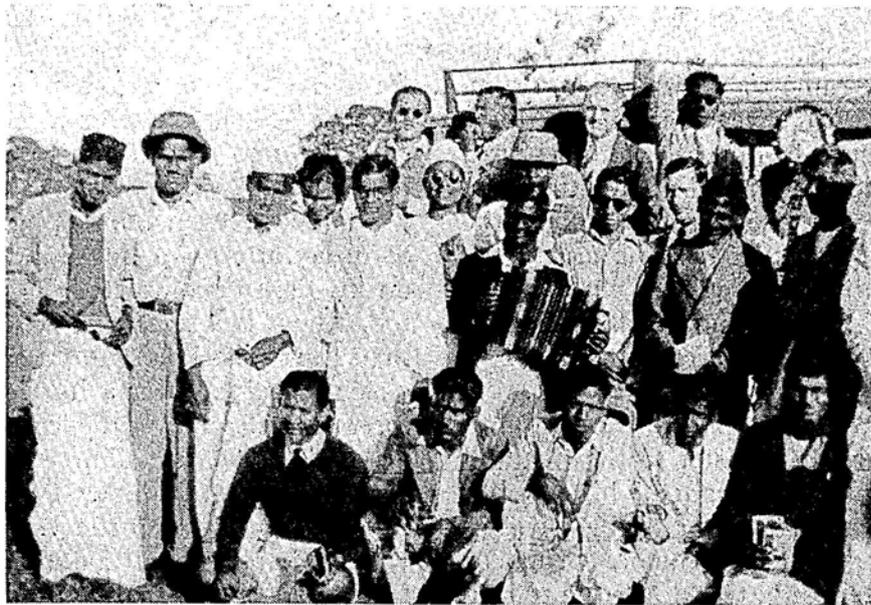
When will the evangelical churches begin thinking beyond short pastoral tenures and personal advancements of individual men? If the Christian church is to survive in the rural areas, we will have to lay siege to those areas and that in a comprehensive manner with the long-time view.

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Students and professors of Leonard Theological College returning from a field trip. Graduates of Leonard ably assisted Patterson to develop Christian Centers

# Christian Centers Blueprint of New India

By James E. McEldowney\*

IT is not my purpose to make Christian villages of my district replicas of high caste villages," John Patterson explained. "Our Christian Centers must be model villages. Some day they will be the blueprint for all of India."

John Patterson, founder of the Methodist Boys' High School, Hyderabad, Deccan, on return from furlough in 1928, found himself appointed to one of India's remote villages. The same dauntless spirit which had led him to turn his dwelling into classrooms when he began the high school fired him as he surveyed the hundreds of villages along the railway, highway, and ox-cart trails leading out of Vikarabad to pioneer in village reconstruction.

Little can be said in praise of Indian villages. Lacking medical authorities, little or no attention is given to sanitation. Illiteracy keeps the people uninformed of the finer ways of life. Poverty and unceasing toil afford little opportunity for personal care common in the West. Oppression at the hands of officials and land owners renders the people servile. Hindu doctrines attribute their sad lot to the will of God and charge them to accept their degradation unthinkingly.

Eighty-five per cent of India's people live in her many thousand villages. When John Patterson was

inspired to transform village life he gave attention to the most crucial need in the Orient.

The story of the development of Patterson's Christian Centers is fascinating: the story of how a great idea broke the shell of ancient custom and has set a higher standard to which India's millions may well gravitate in the years ahead. It is not the story of an individual enforcing his will upon helpless people, but of contagious enthusiasm which awakens a responsive note in submerged but potentially capable masses of villagers. Believing in the transforming power of Christian faith, he rallied Christian Indians who shared his passion for the betterment of their countrymen. Women of the Society of Christian Service and his jovial Irish wife added encouragement and assistance. Together they charted the course and eagerly helped to make the dreams come true.

Among the hundreds of villages asking for Christian baptism in the mass-movement areas around Vikarabad, Patterson wisely selected centers to which people from outlying villages normally gravitated for governmental or business purposes. There he placed his most promising young ministers, preferably graduates of Leonard Theological College. Devatalla Gabriel, for example, was sent to Kohir. Patterson and Gabriel were intent to make only such changes as were within the financial reach of

\* Dr. McEldowney, a professor at Leonard Theological College in Jubbulpore, India, is now at home on furlough. He lives at Shenandoah, Iowa.



Christian workers at Centers set the example of cleanliness. Christians' houses are in the background

other villagers. That policy has been employed throughout, for Patterson's goal was to stimulate both Christians and non-Christians to see in his plans improvements which were within reach of all.

The pastor's home was first to undergo change. Village houses commonly are single rooms with low mud walls, earthen floor, thatched roof, and a door. Many are but seven by twelve feet in size, though they may be twice as large and the roof of tile or stone, if the villager can afford it. Gabriel shattered ancient fears when he broke open portions of each wall and put in tiny window frames and windows. Night air and evil spirits formerly ruled against windows and his daring aroused the curiosity of the people. They were agreeably surprised to observe that he suffered no evil consequences.

Great was the excitement the morning it was rumored that he was building a fire in his smokeless stove. Cooking was traditionally done in a corner of the smoke-filled room, for the only escape for smoke was through the thatch or open doorway. Gabriel had molded a fireplace of stone and mud and fashioned a hood out over the flame to gather in the smoke and send it through the oil-tin chimney into the air beyond. A shout arose from the assembled crowd as they saw smoke curling upward from the crude chimney.

As time passed Gabriel planted a ten by ten vegetable garden and encouraged the use of vegetables. The missionary helped him secure better chickens. Vegetables and eggs are seldom found in a villager's diet.

It was not long before other Christians put in windows and soon they were installed in dwellings outside the Christian section of the village. As for the smokeless stove, Gabriel was called to distant parts of India to demonstrate its virtues, while others came to his remote village to see for themselves. Gardens and chickens, also, were soon to be found in greater numbers in many villages.

Patterson's attention was next directed to the church. Under the great tree at the edge of the village people now congregate reverently for their service. A raised platform of earth serves as an altar and rising above it is a well-lighted cross. As the congregation assembles some go directly to the altar, kneel in prayer, and leave their offerings of rice, fruit, or money before they take their seats. White lime on the smooth earth assists the people to sit in orderly rows, the women and children on one side, the men and older boys on the other.

The pastor reads the call to worship, after which the congregation beat their hands in rhythm as they joyously sing hymns composed by their own countrymen. Together they pray the prayer of our Lord. A fringe of non-Christians hugs the border of worshipers. As the service ends families make their way home filled with a new awareness of a spiritual presence which sustains rather than frightens them, and which gives hope for better days ahead. The wholehearted co-operation of pastor and people has brought about a revolution in Indian worship.

Undoubtedly the success of Patterson's Centers is the genuine Christian spirit which emanates from them. "No religion can do anything for you which does not make you do something for somebody else," is this missionary's firm conviction. Christians are taught to serve each other when giving expression to their deeper spiritual discoveries.

The great mass of India's village people are today illiterates. In the Christian Centers the church is also the school; the preacher or preacher's wife the teacher; and in larger places there is an additional teacher or two if the people can afford it. Yesu Rathnam, the Conference adult literacy expert, has inspired and organized adult learners. Sometimes youngsters of the day school return at night to teach village elders in circles around kerosene lamps. The Laubach method is commonly employed: each one teach one. Patterson will not be satisfied until he

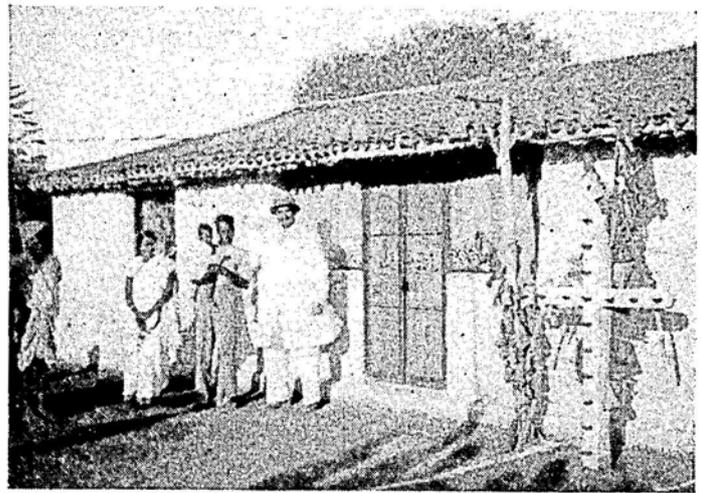
has a literate church. And if the church is literate, other groups in India will soon take notice.

Nor has health been neglected. Patterson is a firm believer in preventative measures. Everyone is encouraged in cleanliness and along with the preacher and teacher is a nurse and compounder, often a young Christian couple especially trained for the job. The nurse serves as midwife and instructs mothers in child care and personal cleanliness. Her husband is trained to mix medicines and treat infections and minor injuries. A small room is provided for their supplies and as a nursing center. Dr. B. V. Canaran or Dr. Stella Dodd regularly tour the Centers, making injections and vaccinations, treating the seriously ill patients, and removing others to the Crawford Memorial Hospital, Vikarabad.

Of equal importance is the attention given drinking water. Pure water is scarce in India and often water of any kind must be carried long distances. Patterson has dug a village well at the edge of the Christian compound. The new well has stone walls rising to keep back the filth of village streets. Its nearness to the place of worship influences the conversation of the women as they await their turns to fill water jars.

Slowly these transformations have taken place one after another. More recently established Centers embody all improvements developed through the years of experimentation. The pastor's home is a double dwelling, twice the size of former days. One side is the parsonage with a large open veranda which serves as schoolroom as well as pulpit. The congregation assembles in the open courtyard, and at the edge of the compound is the well. The other half of the house is the home of the nurse and compounder, including a room for medical supplies and the clinic. Not far away are the Christian homes, an increasing number of which incorporate improvements introduced by Patterson and his helpers. In a number of villages one caste after another has fused into the Christian community. Villagers take pride in their surroundings. The streets are clean, the people expectant, learning, growing. The dull, drab, unpromising life of yesterday is giving way to hopefulness, resourcefulness, and respectability.

The fame of Patterson's Centers has spread. Visitors have come in increasing numbers, particularly since Central Conference met in near-by Hyderabad in 1938, and alert delegates took opportunity to see the Centers. Similar Centers are cropping up in other parts of India. The National Christian Council Review, in outlining a program for post-war Burma, proposes Centers like those in Vikarabad District. The Minister of Education of Indore State asked permission to tour the Centers with the object of improving conditions within the bounds of his authority. Bishop Shot K. Mondol is high in praise of them. After a week's tour, he wrote:



Dr. B. V. Canaran, with Mr. and Mrs. Ashirvadam, nurse, and compounder of Alur Center. Note the cross fitted with small Indian oil lamps

Circuit Centers are revolutionizing village life. They are setting the norm for village life as it should be. The preaching, teaching, and healing aspects of our missionary endeavor are combined in one center. In one place I found this trio ministering to 101 villages. For miles there are no medical facilities of any kind. Cholera, smallpox, and plague take heavy tolls and many homes are lying in ruins, being deserted because of wholesale deaths.

The worship services in the villages are beautifully conducted. It was inspiring to me to find simple illiterate people taking part in responses and songs and, with utmost reverence and spiritual fervor, participating in the worship. I found it impossible to sit through one of these services looking at the happy faces of the men and women without being deeply stirred inwardly at the marvelous change that has taken place in the lives of people who were but yesterday called outcasts and untouchables and belonged to the lowest strata of human society. Today they are free from that social stigma because of the gospel of Jesus Christ. What power on earth can bring about such a change except the life-transforming power of Jesus Christ?

There is real promise that revolutionary changes in village life in India will follow closely the pattern of this wide-awake missionary.

Patterson has not yet reached his goal. "Our objective for Vikarabad District," he writes, "is ten centers staffed with pastor, teacher, and nurse, surrounded by sixty teachers—six for each central parish—and these again supported by a village lay leader in every village where there are neither teachers nor preachers. We have 205 Christian villages on the district so that would give only one worker for three villages. Other missions have a Christian worker in every Christian village and some day we may catch up."

So with restless, practical earnestness John Patterson is ever reaching forward to the realization of his dream. Already his reconstruction program has taken firm root in India. His plans receive their greatest promotion from the achievements wrought in awakened people and villages in scattered sections of his district. Well may those Centers serve as a blueprint for a new day in India.



CNS Photos

Landing in Chungking. Chungking traveled in chairs thirty-five years ago as it does now, but today modern bus lines give chairs brisk competition

# The Old and New in Chungking

By Floyd Taylor

WHEN Dr. C. Bertram Rappe surveys Chungking today, what pleases him most is to find Chinese appearing as leaders in fields of which they knew nothing when he arrived in Chungking in 1908.

He tells with enthusiasm of the Mingsung Industrial Company, which builds and operates steamships despite all the handicaps of war, of Chinese pilots flying transports over the Himalayas with diplomats of other countries as passengers, of Chinese surgeons successfully performing delicate and difficult operations.

"It's things of that kind that cause me to have faith in the Chinese today," Dr. Rappe says.

When he finds a Westerner troubled by the still primitive qualities of Chungking, this city of far western China which unexpectedly became the temporary capital, Dr. Rappe tells how much improvement there has been in the past thirty-five years.

He remembers not so many years ago seeing one thousand coolies under military escort carrying tons of opium into Chungking. A little more than ten years ago there were opium dens everywhere.

"You can't find an opium den now," says Dr. Rappe. "The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, when they visited Chungking in 1934, started to stamp out the use of opium. Farmers were

given a limited time in which they could continue to produce opium. Restrictions were imposed on the sale of opium and these gradually were made more severe. Before long the opium problem was solved.

"That's the thing that gives me faith in China."

Dr. Rappe is a Methodist missionary who is well-known and highly respected in China, but who prefers not to have himself described by any of the various official titles, both present and past, which he might use. In the fields in which he is interested he thinks it best for Chinese to have the important titles, do the important work, and bear the important responsibility.

When Dr. Rappe arrived at Chungking in 1908, accompanied by his bride and other missionaries, he was carried into the city on a stretcher from a small Chinese craft in which he had traveled up the Yangtze River. He was a victim of malaria, a disease he had picked up on the trip.

Ever since 1908 he has been a resident of West China, and since 1910 he has lived in the same mission school compound in Chungking.

When he first arrived, Chungking was a city of ancient Chinese style. It was enclosed by a high wall. There were no streets. The twisting lanes which served for streets were eight to ten feet wide. Hogs were raised on these lanes.



CNS Photos

Thirty-five years ago malaria was just one of those things you accepted. Today men go out from Chungking to spray Paris green solution along the river banks to kill the eggs of the malaria-carrying mosquito

All the lanes were broken by flights of steps, for Chungking is built on a series of hills. There was not a wheeled vehicle in the city, not even a wheelbarrow. There were no electric lights. There was no water system. The water used by the residents was carried up the hills in buckets from the muddy Yangtze and Chialing Rivers by thousands of coolies.

Dr. Rappe remembers well the rebuilding of Chungking, which began in 1927. General Yang Sen had rebuilt the city of Chengtu, widening the streets to make motor roads, and compelling the owners of property along the new roads to put up two-story buildings. Marshal Liu Hsiang, the war lord who was governor of Szechwan and a rival of General Yang, decided he would not be outdone.

He began the construction of motor roads in Chungking and saw to it that they were lined with buildings of four stories, no more and no less. Until the Japanese destroyed most of the business district with bombs, row after row of store and office buildings in downtown Chungking was precisely four stories high, with no variation. There still are some sections of the business district where this is true.

Marshal Liu also expanded the city by doing away with the tremendous graveyard, in use for many hundreds of years, which had stretched for three miles beyond the city wall.

When Dr. Rappe arrived in Chungking, the Manchus were still in power and all men wore queues. Scholars had long fingernails. Little girls

could not play games because they could not run on their bound feet.

Education, except in the mission schools, consisted in mémorizing the Chinese classics. Officials were men who had passed examinations in the classics and had written acceptable essays based on ancient models. There was no incentive for original work by anyone.

In the Methodist missions almost all the medical work, teaching, and preaching was done by Westerners. There were no Chinese in administrative positions.

The situation in Chungking now, thirty-five years later, is quite different. Chinese hold almost all administrative positions in the missions and do much of the medical work, the teaching, and the preaching. There are well-qualified Chinese teachers in almost all high-school and college subjects. County officials are trained for their jobs and are well educated. Education outside the mission schools is far better than it used to be and far more widespread. Little girls no longer have bound feet, scholars no longer have long fingernails, and no man wears a queue.

Health records kept for many years by the missionaries show that the Chinese children are now much taller than they used to be and that they have better general health, larger chest expansion, and far better teeth. The better teeth are attributed to the use of toothbrushes, but Dr. Rappe believes that the general improvement in health can be attributed to a considerable degree to athletics. He says that while living quarters have improved and more is known about hygiene; he believes the change for the better in children's health probably is a result of the introduction of such games as basketball, soccer, and tennis. There has been no change in diet, he says, that would account for the improvement.



CNS Photos

Milk control was an unheard-of-thing thirty-five years ago. Today Chungking boasts an excellent dairy. An improvement has been made on American customs since the cows have their first milking at ten A.M.



Three Lions

A street in Kunming, Yunnan Province, gateway to China. Today American newspaper correspondents and American soldiers mix with the citizens on Kunming streets. Kunming is the base which the American air transport command uses for flying airborne supplies from India to China

## China Today

On July 7 of this year China will have endured seven years of war. China has changed many of its ways of thinking in that time, but the American way of thinking about China has been changed far more drastically. Before that day in 1937 the mass of Americans did not think of China as a nation. We thought of it as a geographical area crowded with people. We admired the people. We were friendly to them and sometimes wanted to help them. But the significance of the help that China could give to us and to the world as a nation escaped us. Now that is over. China still needs help from America. We need help from her. Because of this feeling of interdependence more and more Americans are eager to know how the "new" China looks. To help meet that need we present this picture section.



Thomas Kwang, Chungking

American and Chinese soldiers together man the guns as they watch for the invader. In wartime the countries work together. It is a necessity which peace demands too

CNS Photos



General Stilwell, Commander in Chief of the United States Army in China, Burma, and India, presents Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek with the Order of the Legion of Merit—the highest decoration ever awarded to a foreign military leader by the United States



Thomas Kwang, Chungking

The airplane keeps Chungking in close touch with the rest of the world and brings a good many representatives of the rest of the world to China's capital

CNS Photos

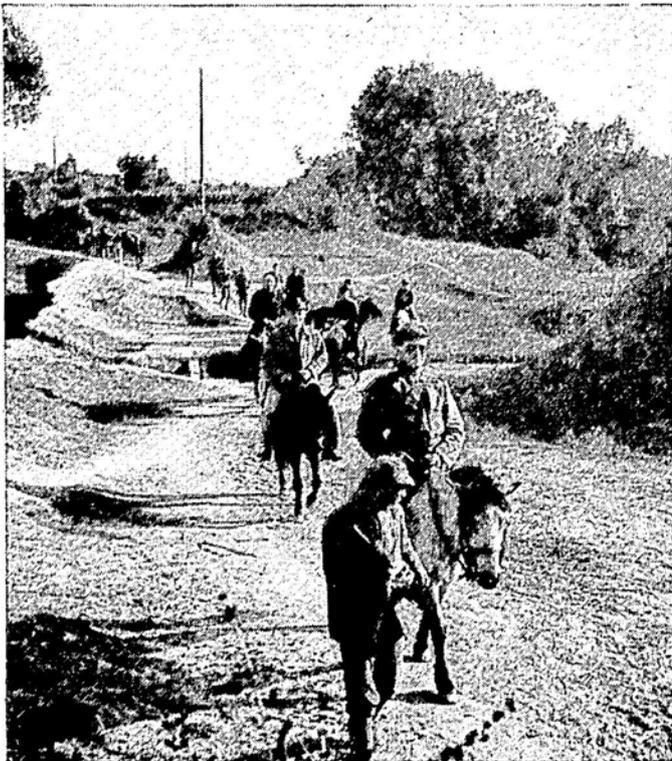


Some of the visitors to China traveling to the Hunnan front on a river launch. They are Captain Pierre Coutin of the Free French, Major Rankin Roberts of the U.S. Army, and Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times



Chinese pulling a small boat up the river. Transportation in China still depends on the muscles of men and women for the most part

CNS Photos



CNS Photos

China can be a casual country. Men going to the front, foreign correspondents, and military attaches travel as if they were going on a summer vacation trip. No one can overestimate, however, the importance of these correspondents' work in establishing democratic relationships with China



CNS Photos

American correspondents on the front sing Christmas carols. Richard Baker of World Outlook, now in China, reports that, although Christianity is the accepted religion of only a small minority, Chungking resounded with Christmas carols sung by young and old during the time of the Christmas season



CNS Photos

Thousands of families live in boats along the Yangtze River in Chungking. In all Chungking pictures you see the misty hills in the background



Three Lions

Train arriving in Kunming. In the old days the French-owned streamlined train with its Diesel engine would glide into the station. That train has today fallen into the hands of the enemy



Three Lions

Since men have gone to war women have become the burden-bearers. Many of these women in the far West have received education since the war, one of the reasons for China's resistance



CNS Photos

Chinese coming home after the recapture of Changteh. All visitors to China come back with reports of the strength and resiliency of the Chinese villager. "It is these people," say some, "that will build the great Chinese democracy"



CNS Photos

Busses are used for postal service with a man perched on top to see that bundles do not fall off between Chungking and Chengtu, the great educational center of the West. It is on these busses that World Outlook travels to the Christian colleges in West China and brings back the news from those colleges which eventually appears here

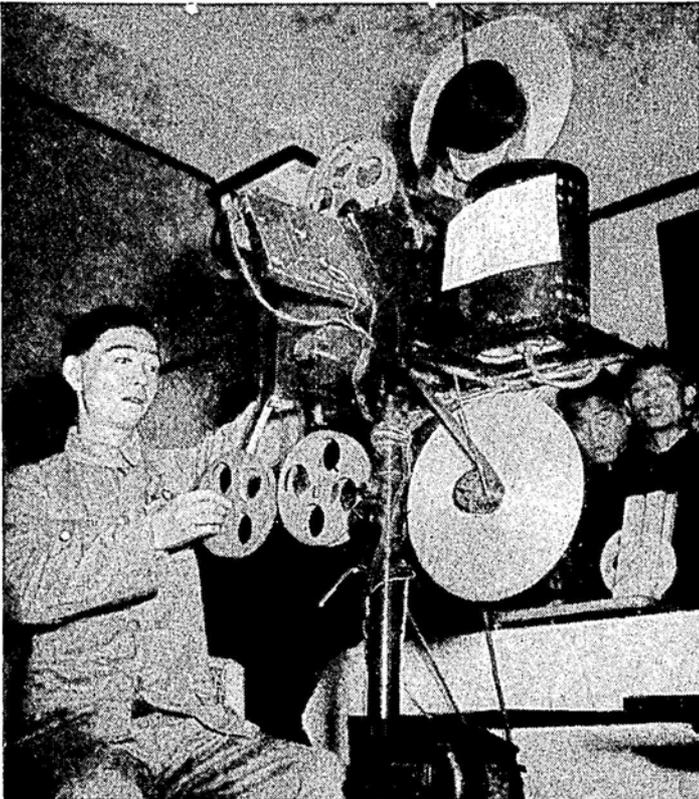


CNS Photos

Girls working in a woolen plant near Chungking. The factory is located in a cave to make it safe from bombings. The plant, only one in all China that makes woolen for civilians, was once in Shanghai. After the war broke out the equipment was shipped to Rangoon and brought up to Chungking by the Burma Road. About 53 per cent of equipment was lost on the way through air raids

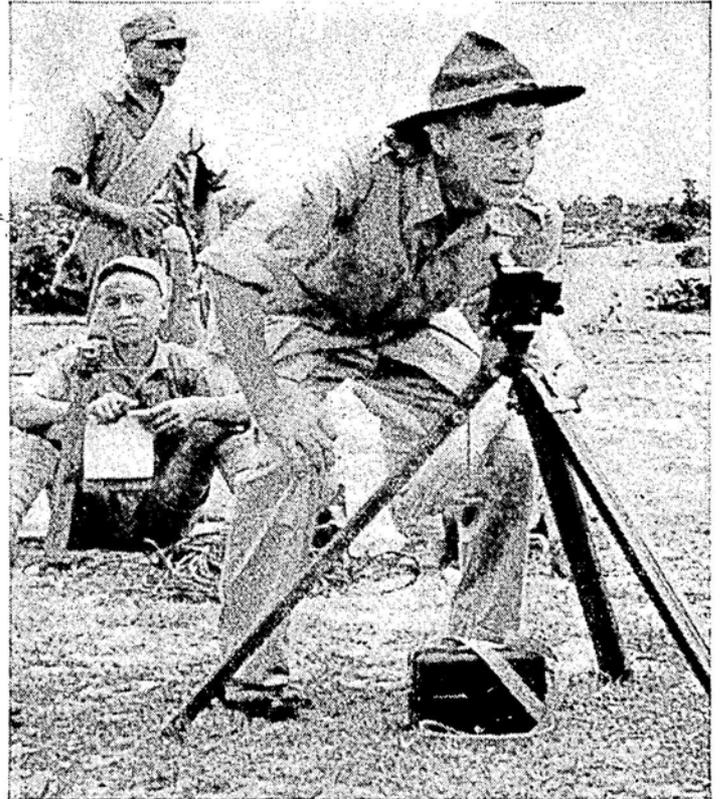


A Co-operative in West China. The co-operative movement has been one of the most democratic developments in all of China, although it was not originated just to develop democracy. In some co-operatives the workers elect their own foremen, decide on what the output of their particular factory should be, and handle all personal factory matters through committees



CNS Photos

Meanwhile Chinese photographers are making documentary films of the period through which China and her people are passing.



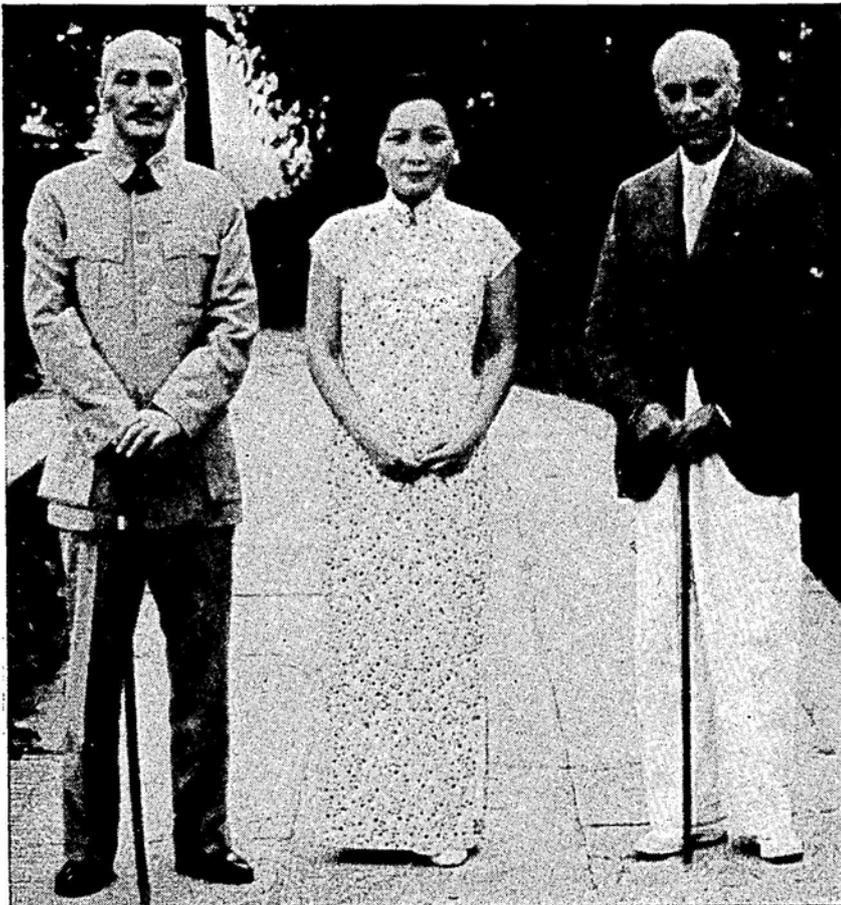
U. S. Signal Corps, from Three Lions

General Stilwell with Chinese soldiers. "Vinegar Joe" is appreciated by these soldiers. He, in turn, appreciates them

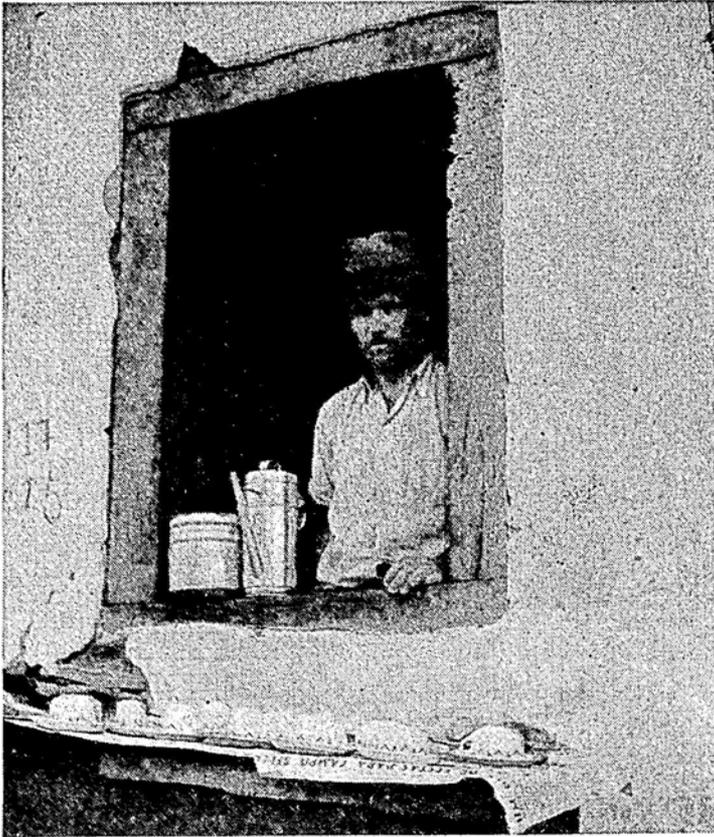


Philip D. Gendreau

The famous Chinese wall which was built to keep China safe and apart in the old days



The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang with Jawaharlal Nehru in India. The new day does not erect walls. It breaks them down. China has come closer to India during this war than ever before—America has come closer to China. May it carry on in peace as in war



Naylor from Three Lions

The coffee seller—a fixture in all Brazilian towns—he watches the events of the street just as he must have watched the busy Padre Hippolyto de Oliveira Campos



Naylor from Three Lions

Children pouring out of school. In spite of all warnings against Protestants today the Methodist schools in Brazil continue to be filled to capacity

## A Pair of Slippers

By Mrs. T. H. Lander \*

A GOOD many years ago in a small town in Brazil one of our Methodist colporteurs was selling, and sometimes giving away, Bibles, New Testaments, and copies of the Gospels. He was having moderate success when suddenly a priest appeared and busied himself by entering homes and bringing out the volumes just bought. These were torn up and scattered on the streets. With threats of violence the colporteur was forced to leave the town. As he looked back a strong wind was blowing leaves from the sacred books up and down the street. It is known that some parts were rescued and studied in secret. But that is another story.

That busy priest was Padre Hippolyto de Oliveira Campos. As a reward for activity in destroying Bibles and in persecuting Protestants, his Bishop appointed him vicar in the flourishing city of Juiz de Fora. There he had a handsome church on a prominent elevation, and three other churches were under his jurisdiction.

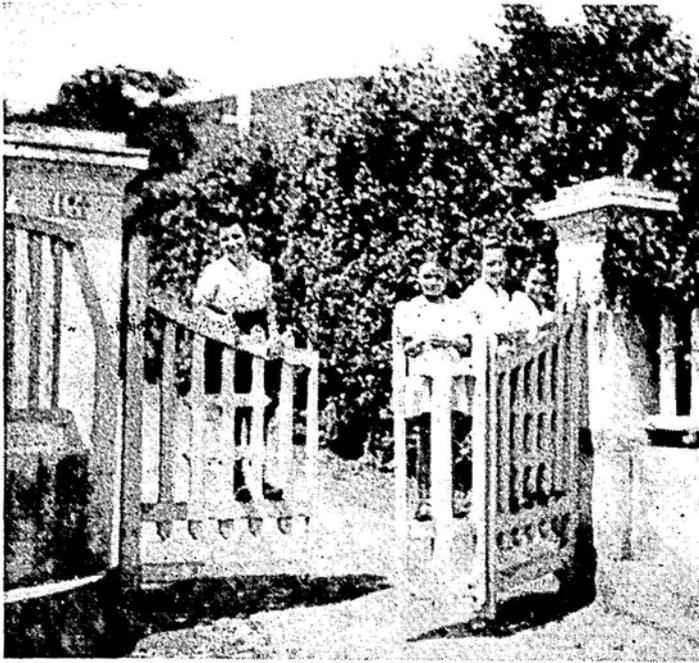
\* Mrs. Lander, well-beloved member of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, is the widow of Dr. John M. Lander, who founded Granbery College at Juiz de Fora, Brazil. With her husband she served Brazil for thirty-five years.

The Bishop instructed him to use every possible effort to annul and put an end to the labors of some foreign Protestants who recently had come to that city. Their innovations were considered dangerous. Not only had they organized a society of Methodists, but also they had opened a school for boys and were training some to be pastors. That must be stopped!

The students of Granbery College were much disturbed. Often on Mondays the town boys would tell how on Sunday after mass Padre Hippolyto had preached against the Protestants, calling on the people to run them out of the city, and threatening with excommunication any parents who sent their sons to the school.

My husband, the Reverend John M. Lander, was president of the school, and he sought to calm the anxiety of the boys. Something—shall we call it inspiration?—induced him to try to placate the priest by making him a present. A large, handsomely-bound copy of the Bible was secured, and Mr. Lander, with three ministerial students, went, one Saturday morning, up the hill to give it to the priest.

A few years later, this priest (by then a Methodist evangelist) was dining with us. The children



Children today swing on the gate of the school which the indignant Padre tried to close long ago



Looking up the avenue at Granbery Institute. In the early days it served only boys. Now it is co-educational

asked for some story of his life. Smiling, he said: "I'll tell you about a pair of slippers your father gave me." We were all surprised, for no one had ever heard of any slippers. Proceeding, he told us this story:

After entering on my new appointment at Juiz de Fora, I did my best to find out what the Protestants were doing. I felt it my duty to devise some way of frustrating their plans. By articles in the paper, by sermons on Sunday, and mostly by private conversations, I tried to arouse sentiment against them. Imagine my surprise one day when my servant announced that a Protestant "priest" and three young men were at the door! I ordered him to send them away; but he replied that they were very well-dressed and that I had better see them. So they were ushered into my study.

Hiding my real feelings, I gave them a polite welcome. They declined my invitation to sit down and I found myself face to face with Dr. Lander, who was making a speech and presenting me with a Bible. I did not want their false book, but my eyes fastened on the soft leather binding. I thought to myself, "What a fine pair of slippers that would make!" I did not listen to the speech, for all the time I was busy taking measurements and calculating the best way to cut out the slippers.

At the end of the presentation I thanked them cordially, perhaps more so than they expected, for in reality I was thanking them for my handsome slippers. We had coffee together and the visit ended pleasantly.

No sooner were the callers out of my house than I began tearing out the leaves of the Bible and stuffing them into the stove. Wrapping up the leather binding, I took it to the best shoemaker in the city and bargained for him to make me a pair of slippers, he confirming my opinion that the material was excellent for that purpose.

I left the shoemaker's in fine spirits, quite content with myself for having played a trick on the Protestants. But before I reached home I began to be in doubt about the whole affair. During the evening and every now and then in the night the thought would occur to me that perhaps after all I had better get rid of that Protestant Bible; a pair of slippers made from the leather might bring me bad luck. By morning, the affair was worrying me. So I took an early cup of coffee and hurried to my shoemaker's. Assuming a

careless air, I told him that I no longer cared for the slippers and he might have the leather.

Thus relieved, I expected to feel quite happy; but, try as I might, my conscience would not let me rest. Every now and then in my mind's eye I could see that group who brought the Bible to me. I wondered why they did it, and also I wondered about what was in their Bible. I was possessed with a great curiosity to know more about those queer foreigners.

As I could not read the Bible I had destroyed, I began studying the lives of the Methodists around me. Without their dreaming of it, I closely watched Dr. Lander and Dr. Tarboux. I was much impressed by their quiet, gentlemanly demeanor and by what I learned—through my spies—of their home life and their influence on the students of Granbery College.

Then I began to be curious to know for myself what a Protestant service was like. So I cultivated the friendship of one of my parishioners who lived next door to the Methodist Church. As if by accident I often called there on Sunday mornings at the hour of service. I would sit by a window securely hidden by the blinds. At first I was anxious to learn only about the mode of conducting the Protestant service, but soon I became interested in the words of the preachers. Needless to say that I was deeply impressed.

My heart responded to the truths I heard there for the first time; but prudence forbade my disclosing this feeling to anyone. In the pulpit I continued to preach against the Protestants, warning my people to have nothing to do with those emissaries of Satan, out of the true church, doomed to be lost. However, to myself I often said, "If those people are going to hell—*where am I going?*"

I was overwhelmed with a desire to learn the secret of the lives of the American missionaries, so different from the priests I knew. Looking around for something to calm my spirits and help me to solve the many doubts that were arising in my mind, I thought of the Protestant Bible. Pretending that I wanted one so as to destroy it, I secured a copy and compared it with my own Latin Bible. To my surprise I found that there was no difference. I read and studied it with increasing interest and avidity. Something superhuman led me on. I prayed to God as never before, asking for light and guidance. Often with the two Bibles before me I prayed until my knees ached. And God answered my prayers.



A dormitory at Granbery Institute in Juiz de Fora—the town in which Dr. Lander presented the priest with the "slippers." Dr. Lander was the founder of the Institute

Soon I announced to my parish that I could no longer serve them as vicar. Of course they were astonished and later they were angry.

Led by our Heavenly Father, I went to a quiet place in the country where I could study and reflect. Always I was groping in the dark, seeking and praying for light. In anguish of spirit I wrote to Dr. Lander and Dr. Tarboux for advice. They responded kindly, sending many helpful books and tracts for me to study. Later they arranged a meeting with me and in their spirit of brotherly love, with true wisdom from on high, they led me to throw off the superstitions and false beliefs of a lifetime. I cast myself at the feet of my Savior and found peace.

Thus, the ex-priest, then a faithful Methodist minister, closed his story. But as an afterthought he turned to our children and said: "Can you doubt that I am grateful to your father for the fine pair of slippers he gave me? That gift was truly the turning point of my life."

It would be impossible to describe the consternation in Juiz de Fora when it was known that on a Sunday Senhor Hippolyto had joined The Methodist Church and reverently had knelt at the simple altar for baptism. After necessary studies he was ordained and received into the conference. Wherever he spoke crowds flocked to hear him, and thousands of conversions were the result of his preaching.

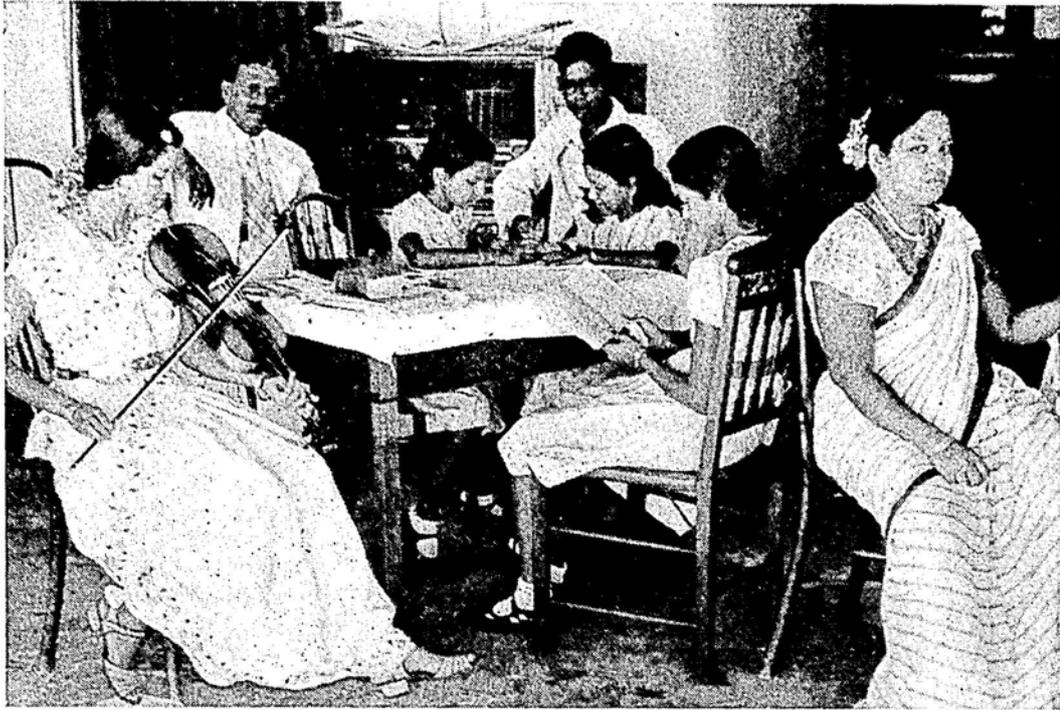
So successful were his efforts that he became a recognized evangelist and traveled much in Brazil, speaking to large congregations not only in Methodist but also in other Protestant churches. A wealthy friend in Rio de Janeiro, descendant from an important Portuguese family, felt anxious to send the gospel to the land of his ancestors. He financed a trip for the Reverend Hippolyto to visit Portugal. There with great success he preached to crowds in the principal cities.

After thirty years of incessant labor as a Protestant evangelist his work was done. His own testimony was that never for a moment had he regretted leaving the Roman Catholic Church. With Protestants he had found a new life, an abiding faith, and a Savior for all mankind. Among brethren in The Methodist Church and at home, surrounded by his own happy family, he had found indescribable peace and joy.

At his funeral a great crowd listened to leading Protestants of various denominations, each person praising the work of the departed fellow laborer. The evangelical papers published many eulogies. The one central theme was that no other person—native preacher or missionary—had been the means of the conversion of so many souls. In Brazil he is remembered with love amounting almost to veneration.

A few years ago I was in Lisbon. On a Sunday morning, with considerable effort, I found a Protestant church where I attended service. At the close, the pastor introduced me to the congregation. Soon I was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd. Many questions were asked about the church and the brethren in Brazil. One dear old lady pushed to the front, demanding to know if it was true that my husband was the one who gave a Bible to the Reverend Hippolyto. Being assured that it was he, she, in a resounding voice, exclaimed: "Just imagine what would have become of us if he had not given that Bible! All of us were converted by the Reverend Hippolyto. Without the truth learned from him we would have been lost!"

My feelings at this demonstration cannot be described. Not often is one permitted to see such direct proof of the work of missionaries and the power of the Bible. Let God be praised!



Charles Fenn, from *Three Lions*

A family in modern India. India must still depend on mission schools for its greatest supply of educated womanhood

## Visit to India

By Mabel Ruth Nowlin\*

WHAT a big country India is! It has taken two months to travel from Calcutta to the east, to Bombay on the west coast, though the journey *could* be made in thirty-six hours on a non-stop ticket. However, I have much preferred stopping at some sixteen cities and a number of rural villages en route, visiting our Methodist mission work and seeing first hand these miracles of new life represented by these Indian Christians.

The magnificent city of Lucknow, with Isabella Thoburn College located in what they call "Moon Garden," was very thrilling. The Indian women on the faculty were a challenging group, from the president, Dr. Dass, to the others who originally came all the way from Trinidad and South India to remote mountain and plains villages. And the college girls, more than half of them Christians and the others Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs—all playing and studying together in a wholesome defiance of caste distinctions—made one wish that all India could as successfully obliterate the blighting influence of caste. When I spoke to them one morning, in chaste white MacDowell Chapel, I felt a great hope for a nation that had even this many young women being trained to minister to others.

Then came the meeting of the National Christian

Council of India, at Nagpur. Sixty of the one hundred and eight delegates were Indian, but of that number only four were Indian women. A resolution was passed urging that at future meetings a better representation of women be secured. I felt that the meeting was definitely the poorer for the lack of some of the fine Indian Christian women who had a real contribution to make. I believe that there is a larger representation of women in such councils of the Church in China than is true here. Recognition is slower in being granted in India, but it must come in the years ahead.

From Nagpur, I had two and one-half weeks in the largest of the native states, Hyderabad, where I visited two very interesting girls' schools of the Methodist Mission. The state is ruled by His Exalted Highness, the Nizam, who is a Mohammedan. There is always a sea of red fezzes on the streets.

Our Stanley Girls' High School in Hyderabad city is built of the same glistening white cement as most of the other buildings of the city. There are 900 girls from kindergarten to college entrance. The 250 girls in the hostel are all Christians. Each morning cartloads of girls, riding behind the bamboo curtains, come from Mohammedan and Hindu homes to school. The long graceful saris make the girls look older than those in Chinese high schools. On an afternoon of competition in dramatics, the rich, beautiful saris that were used as stage drap-

\* Miss Mabel Ruth Nowlin, worker under the Wesleyan Service Guild, in Free China, has just returned by India to the United States.



Evans, from Three Lions

A modern dairy farm in India. As new understanding comes to the farmer in his work so it must come to him in his life. The Methodist Church in its post-war plans is emphasizing work in rural India

eries and costumes rivaled the "Arabian Nights."

The social service work of the Christian Endeavor of the school has resulted in an amazing housing reform. The girls first went to the homes of a slum district, where the poorest people lived in shacks, and the children played in the midst of the squalor. The girls taught the children to clean up, had games with them, talked with the mothers in the homes and brought about some cleaning up of the neighborhood.

About that time a wealthy Hindu man who had been successfully treated in a hospital wanted to make a gift of \$170,000 (U.S. currency) to the hospital. A Christian Indian man, Mr. Paul, persuaded him, instead, to use that money to build houses in this slum section, which could be rented to the poor people at reasonable rent, and the rent money go to the hospital. Small, neat houses, color washed in yellow and white, have been built, with yard and shelter for the bullocks of the carters among the people who live there, with good facilities for bathing, and neat, clean streets. The houses rent for \$3, \$5, and \$7 per month, according to size, and the whole environment of the people has been changed since Stanley School girls first took an interest in them, and the splendid Indian principal of the school, Miss De Lima, took the girls twice a week.

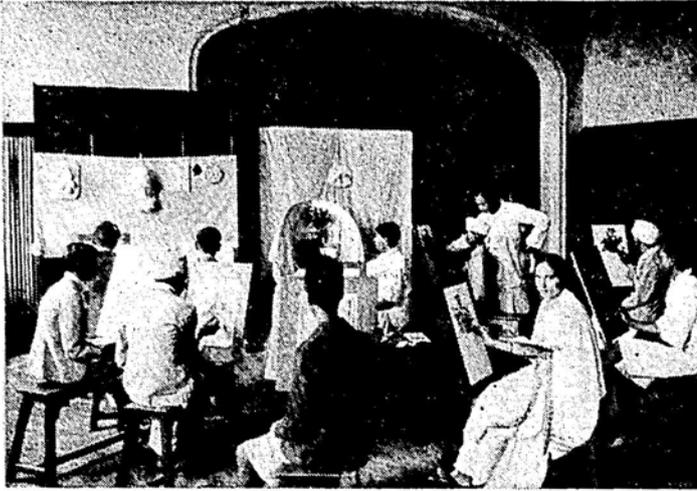
The graduates of our school are in great demand, for Mohammedan education is so far behind the needs of this stirring age that the main source of supply of educated women is Christian. When you see these beautiful Christian girls in our school, and among the women of the faculty, you can hardly believe that 90 per cent of them are originally from the depressed classes. They know the deep truth of those words that were spoken to Mary, that apply to all of us Christian women, "Blessed art thou among women." For us who make Christian educa-

tion possible through our prayers and gifts, there is certainly a greater dividend on our investment than we can realize, and the same can be said for the other kinds of our mission work.

The other school is Mary Knotts Coeducational School in the small town of Vikarabad, 46 miles from Hyderabad. The acres of farm land belonging to the school and to the Hindu and Mohammedan neighbors resemble Arizona, with red dust, far blue hills, bright sunshine, dry air, and land that can "blossom as the rose" with irrigation. There are 280 boys and girls in the school, from kindergarten through higher primary and two years of teacher training.

From fifth grade upward, the students and all the faculty and hospital staff go out for preaching in four neighboring villages each Sunday evening. There is no church in these villages, so their only worship service is this one which the students and faculty conduct on Sunday evenings. One faculty member is assigned to go each Sunday to the same one so there is some continuity, but the teams of students and other faculty members vary from time to time.

We went to a village one and one-half miles from here, starting from our compound at 8:30 P.M. The boys carried a lantern, also a pair of tabla (drums), and a harmonium (carried on the head, as everything seems to be carried in this land). Arriving at the place, the lantern was put on the roof of one of the mud-walled houses, a roof of flat, smooth flagstones. Out of the darkness villagers brought strips of palm-fiber matting on which we sat. The boys began a rousing Christian song to an Indian tune, with tabla and harmonium accompaniment (the melody played with right hand while air is pumped into the harmonium with the left). As turbaned men came, they sat in orderly rows, with children



Philip Gendreau

A mixed class in a technical school in India. Women are beginning to take their places in these co-educational schools

in front, and the women in dark red cotton saris, usually with a baby in their arms or riding on the hip, on the other side. They joined in the clapping to the rhythm of the song, which they learned. Explanations and brief sermon were interspersed with this Gospel-in-song, with its haunting Indian tune.

Through the countless villages of India the tens of thousands of Christians who have come through mass movements and otherwise have done so to the tune of these Christian lyrics, which make such an appeal to this poetic and musical people. From just such illiterate, hard-working people, of depressed classes that usually do coolie work in fields (Modiga and Mahla caste) or leather workers (Chamar caste), come the 5,000 Methodist church members of this district and the others of this area.

In four places of Vikarabad district there are Rural Service Centers, where a pastor and his wife do evangelistic work, a man day-and-night school-teacher and his wife, who is a nurse, combine the threefold message of Christian religion, health, and education. They live in houses which are an improvement over village homes, of the same kind of mud, but with improvements any villager can copy—smokeless chimney for cook stove instead of smoke of kitchen stove permeating the room, windows instead of the windowless, dark rooms, and bore-hole latrines instead of no toilet. Mohammedan and caste Hindu people of these villages have built homes after this pattern, and through interest in the homes have a friendly interest in the Center.

Church members pay from half to total salary of pastor in these places, and the dispensary is often self-supporting, leaving only the teacher to be paid by the mission. The pastor's wife has organized Woman's Societies of Christian Service among the members, and has women's meetings of both Mohammedan and high caste women, and these humbler women of the village. Adult literacy, instruction of inquirers, ministering to the varied ages of the community, and the varied services of these centers reminded me of that verse in Luke 12:35,

"Let your loins be girt and your lights burning."

I wished that all of you were with me the evening I met with the Woman's Society of Christian Service in Vikarabad, where the members are most of them teachers in our school, nurses and doctors in the hospital, and women on the staff of the church. It felt like a Wesleyan Service Guild meeting, though the members all wore graceful saris, left their sandal slippers at the door, sat on rugs in the yard during the meeting, in their bare brown feet. They were doing Red Cross sewing that day, though on others of their fortnightly meetings they have study material and discussions along the lines of devotional life, mission study, Bible study, and temperance. We sat and sewed with them for a while. They sang for us some of the beautiful Indian Christian hymns called "*bhajans*," that have haunting tunes in minor key, that are characteristic of this land. At the close of the meeting we asked them to teach us an Indian game. They formed a circle and taught us one of the Indian folk songs and dances, of which the main refrain was,

"Someone has stolen the queen's jewels,  
Who can catch the thief?"

We were in Poona on Ash Wednesday, the historic day on which Mrs. Gandhi died there, in the palace in which she and her husband were imprisoned. The Hindu shops were closed for several days out of respect to her. At the funeral a Psalm was read, in addition to selections from the Hindu sacred books, then her body was cremated, and the ashes strewn on the river there, and part of them taken by her son to the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna Rivers, at Allahabad, which Hindus consider a "holy" place for scattering the ashes of the dead. My train passed through Wardha, where Mr. Gandhi's headquarters used to be, but now so many of his workers are in jail that people said there was not much work going on, so I did not stop.

I visited Kedgaon, where the late Pandita Ramabai carried on such an outstanding piece of work for widows and orphan girls. It is amazing to see what this one little Indian woman, herself a widow, did in such a variety of activities. She certainly was a most versatile woman. Have you ever read an account of her life? It reads like a thrilling story. At one time there were 3,000 orphan girls and widows there. At present there are about 700, ranging in age from babies to white-haired women. The girls go to school and do a certain amount of industrial work, too. Many of the women have been used to doing field work before they came, and continue to do field work, helping farm the 100-acre place that they have. Pandita Ramabai willed the property and work to the Christian Alliance Mission, who now carry it on, with women missionaries from England, Australia, and America.

What a big country India is! What a tremendous opportunity for the Christian church!



U. S. Navy, from Three Lions

Charles Darwin once wrote: "If ever you are cast ashore on some far Pacific islet, your one hope will be that a missionary has arrived there before you"

# The Church's Basic Enterprise

Ultimate Validity and Future Prospects \*

By Florence Hooper

THE ultimate validity of an undertaking can properly be measured only by its results. The time span has by now been long enough to furnish ample data for such measurement; its actual issues, carried over into our own day, are significant and firmly established.

The widely differing racial groups, the savageries or barbarisms or civilizations which the mission enterprise has affected, the variety of methods it has used from one historical period to another, provide such a wealth of result material for study that only the barest outline is possible within the compass of this article. It is hoped that suggestions herein sketched will serve the reader as clues to his own more elaborate investigation of the vital question: "Have Christian missions proved themselves worth the time and energy and sacrifice which have been lavished upon them for twenty-hundred years?"

An obvious answer to this question is quotation of statistics and description of tangible assets: how many million professing Christians there are on

\* This is the fourth and last of Miss Hooper's series on Basic Enterprise of the Church.

earth today, how many millions more have marched in long procession down the centuries; how powerful and how rich the Christian churches have become; how their real estate holdings are to be found all over the globe; how their wealth and their endowments sway the fate of humanity.

These are, to be sure, issues—important issues—of the simple preaching of the good news of Jesus Christ which began in Jerusalem right after his death. But there are others of far deeper meaning and validity. Whoever looks and listens intelligently becomes aware of them. Spires of churches, chimes of bells, the vocabulary of everyday speech, social customs, moral codes—all show the divine imprint of the enterprise. Everywhere its outcomes are woven subtly into the fabric of commonplace existence. It is in its effects on people and their activities that the final value rests. People were Christ's reason for dying; won to a life like his, they are the ultimate reward of making him known.

Charles Darwin once wrote: "If ever you are cast ashore on some far Pacific islet, your one hope will be that a missionary has arrived there before you!"

He said that, of course, because the radical change which Christian teaching works even in the savage or the cannibal shows itself immediately in the way he treats his needy neighbor, be he enemy or friend. Aviators forced down on such little islands know well what Darwin meant. War stories in our current literature reveal, with surprising clarity, the kindness, compassion, and unselfishness of followers of Jesus in the Antipodes.

Transformed personalities, Christ-like actions are the most important results of missions, in the South Seas or anywhere else. Granted that Christian compassion, kindness, unselfishness begin almost at once to crystallize into institutional form—as hospitals, homes for children and for the aged, refuges for the indigent and the defective; granted that such matters even become, later, functions of the state, it is still true that in the first instance they are the spontaneous and convincing expression of a brotherhood of believers.

Christians become aware of their urgency, found them, serve in them, build them into efficiency and power, *for love of Christ*. When their gracious operation has raised the whole level of community ideals, secular agencies are created to take many of them over and to maintain them as essential services of government. But their origins are in a man's relation to Jesus. The example of the Great Physician, brought by his missionaries to an unloving society, transforms that society's callousness or indifference into his own affectionate concern.

"All over India, I knew without being told when I was entering a *Christian village*," a shrewd American business man remarked after a round-the-world tour. "How did you know?" he was asked. "Well, for one thing, it was clean. Then, the faces of children and young people were alight with eagerness and a sort of hope not evident among non-Christians of comparable social status. It looked like a village *with a future*."

Carefully observant, this man had come upon one of the results of the preaching of Christ which appears wherever such preaching has free course and access to human beings. New self-respect is

born in a man's soul; new understanding of his worth in the sight of God and so of his value to himself and to his fellows. This emergent Christian individualism leads to moral uplift, to mental alertness to boundless confidence in the purposes of a mighty and loving Father God.

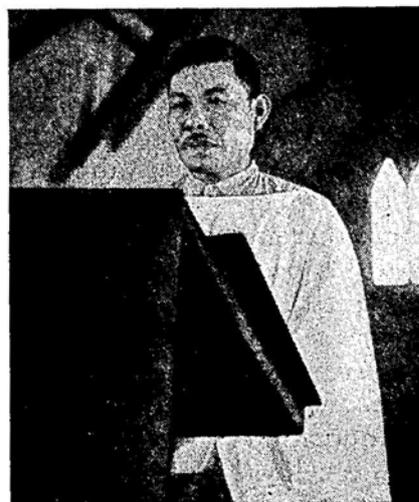
Our mothers, to our occasional annoyance, insisted that cleanliness is next to godliness. The effects of missionary teaching appear to confirm their dictum. When a person's spiritual nature has been cleansed, he starts to tidy up his environment. The elimination of slums of the spirit leads directly to renovation of slums in the body politic. Or, to phrase it differently, when a man becomes a real Christian he demands and secures a higher standard of living and a nearer approach to economic independence as well as that regeneration of character from which all these other developments arise.

The Christian home, unit of the Christian community, is another of the fair flowers of missions. Sometimes we take such homes for granted as an unremarkable item in our economy. But when they are seen in bright relief against a non-Christian background, their superlative importance becomes clear. In their practical application of the Golden Rule creates abiding affection between husband and wife; ungrudging recognition of the rights as well as the duties of women; tender nurture of children; gentleness, honesty, glad self-sacrifice in family relationships. Missions have thus made love stories possible. Indeed, as a famous Chinese woman physician used to say, missions have even made spinsterhood feasible, all by contributing, as few other world movements have done, to the emancipation of women from age-old thralldoms of body, mind, and spirit.

From homes the enduring values of Christianity radiate convincingly into the surrounding clouds and darkness. One can easily refuse to believe in missionary propaganda in the abstract, but he must find it difficult not to appreciate the worth and beauty of the homes that same propaganda has created. These homes are valuable enough in modern civilization to justify the church's



The Jose Valencia family, taken before Manila fell, when Mr. Valencia was serving as district superintendent in the Filipino Mission. The Christian home, unit of the Christian community, is another of the fair flowers of missions



An Indian pastor in the Argentine holds a service in the mission chapel. "Converted, they must preach"

basic enterprise even if they were its only tangible result. It is said that in the languages of some non-Christian countries there are words for *house, shelter, stopping-place*; but none for *home*. The word and the lovely fact as well seem to be fruits of the gospel.

Do we know a family whose members insist on fair dealing in politics, gladly serve the common good without striving for personal gain, apply matter of fact idealism to their business and their pleasures? You will find it rewarding to trace the spiritual lineage of that family. Almost certainly the trail will lead directly, perhaps through many generations, to missionary origins. The present group or their forebears learned a new way of life from preachers of Jesus Christ. They may have wandered far from the simplicities of that experience, but they have never escaped its influence. The world they live in gains immeasurably thereby.

The church as a factor in the life of men and nations is another world-wide result of the enterprise. Criticize churches as one may, their influence on individuals and on social trends must be admitted. They may have been narrow or latitudinarian, emotionally unstable or dourly moralistic, honestly pious or hypocritically ritualistic or puritanical. Yet they are the conservators of religion; they call men to God and keep open the way to his worship.

Elaborating the codes which missionaries first drew up—they have been teachers of children and youth through religious instruction—the aim of which has been creation of solid virtue, steadfastness, and a sense of personal responsibility. They keep the lights of the spirit burning through years of war and hatred, of materialism, indifference, or skepticism. They have nurtured the minds of men. The great modern secular systems of education had their far beginnings in the schools of the church.

Music, the arts, architecture were first the servants and then the great gifts of the church to humanity. Literature in one of its most enduring forms, the Bible, has come down through the ages because churchmen preserved codices and versions, protecting them, copying and re-copying until the printing press came to take over the work of dissemination. The inspiration of drama, poetry, historical writing, has been often and often from the church. Ecclesiastical law, ritual, order have profoundly affected the long course of Western jurisprudence.

In the great modern mission fields it is possible to observe today the earlier states of the process whereby human life is being very gradually but surely remade into approximation, however crude, of likeness to Jesus Christ. In the so-called younger churches of the Orient, the impact of his ideals may be evaluated, unencumbered by the accumulations and perversions of history. His ascendancy stands out by contrast with areas of national and racial life not yet touched by his followers.

China's secular school system, her medical services, her political leadership are still near enough to their missionary prototypes to permit direct tracing of the effect of the one upon the other. In a recent address, Ambassador Grew reported: "Christianity is deep-rooted in Japan. I do not believe that it can ever be crushed." It is thrilling to realize that the best hope of a Japan which can once more be heartily welcomed into the society of nations lies in just that uncrushable spiritual force which missionaries have brought to a small but disproportionately mighty fraction of the Japanese race.

In many lands still predominantly non-Christian, words embodying Christian ideas are constantly being adopted into the vernacular; these strongly, though by indirection, shape popular thought and actions. The ideas they represent will survive because hidden in them is the holy leaven which is imperishable. Both the Thousand Character movement, founded by James Yen to eradicate illiteracy in China, and the World Literacy campaign described by Dr. Frank C. Laubach in his book, *The Silent Billion Speak*, were born of missions. Their astounding success is due to the zeal of Christian men and women. Teaching the world to read, *for Christ's sake*, presages such an upswing in that same world's thinking, political intelligence, mass idealism as it is fairly staggering to contemplate.

The indigenous church in Korea, waging a difficult battle against many foes, furnishes convincing present-day examples of the staying power of Christian converts. Through religious and political persecution of the severest sort, they stand firm, impregnable in the faith. Their evangelistic fervor confirms the old, yet ever recurring impetus given by Christ's conquest of men's souls. *Converted, they must preach*. Even under an alien despotism, they go on undiscouraged.

Remarkable, however, as the myriad proven values of missions may be shown to be, a long struggle always lies ahead. Civilizations neither become nor remain vitally Christian unless there is continuing communication of the Good News. The experience of Christ is primarily individual; secondarily (though inescapably) social. It is not static, neither can its essence be inherited. Evangelism must start afresh in each new life and in every succeeding generation.

"Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel," Paul exclaimed. Woe, likewise, to even the most impressive results of the past, unless missionary realities are unendingly re-created. "There is no discharge in this war." It can be concluded only when people cease to be born upon the earth, and there is no one left to be made over into Jesus' image. The power of the Holy Spirit must be brought to bear now and forever upon all human relationships. Presently discernible results of the church's basic enterprise are merely challenges to new and more daring ventures.



# BOOKS

**SOUL OF RUSSIA.** By Helen Iswolsky. Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.75.

In the author's foreword she has called her book an "outline of Russia's spiritual history" in which she has sought to show her readers "the forces in Russia which have been tending toward universality, and the directions taken by the apostles of union who have left their mark on Russian thought. "The book," she says, is a "work of love more than a work of scholarship." To the average reader, however, there is left no doubt that Miss Iswolsky has brought to her task a profound knowledge of the underlying forces which have made Russia, as well as a breadth of understanding and sympathy in the interpretation of the soul of her fatherland.

The first landmark in Russian history is its Christianization, she says, brought about through Byzantium. The newly acquired faith, however, the Russian people made a part of themselves; obtaining thereby a "spontaneous vision of the Christian ideal so true, so vivid, that it impressed the Russian soul for all centuries to come—a religious impulse innately Russian." Throughout all her spiritual history she has held to this ideal. We find it being expressed in the lives of the simple yet devoted and sacrificial "Seekers of Silence." It breaks out in the tragedy and violence of the powerful rebellion against a state church. "Even when its stream of mysticism seemed to have dried up, hidden springs welled underground giving direction in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to a great religious and social movement.

Communism the author regards as alien to Russia's spirit. Throughout the book one is impressed with the overwhelming sense of her destiny, of her mission, that seems to have characterized the great Russian thinkers throughout her history, their yearning to give expression to "the word" that will unify and help to free all men.

In the light of the godless anti-Christian spirit that dominated the recent Bolshevik regime the author's last paragraph is significant. She says: "The Russian people have given up everything. The spirit of kenotic Christianity gives them life. It is incarnated in the starving population of Leningrad, in the men who have taken their stand in the smoking ruins of Stalin-grad, in the roaming priests, and in the guerrillas. And they are led, not by their godless rulers, but by the Christ whom Block beheld in a prophetic vision. He is the same Christ whom another great Russian poet, Tiutchev, described in his famous lines dedicated to Russia: the Heavenly King who blessed Russia's 'humble nakedness,' as He walks through her poor villages in a slave's garb, crushed under the weight of the cross."—M. D.

**THE FALL OF CHRISTIANITY.** By G. J. Heering. Fellowship Publications, New York. \$1.50.

The author, who was professor in the Remonstrant Seminary at the University of Leyden, published this book in Holland in 1928. It was translated and issued in Great Britain in 1930 and in the United States in December, 1943. Although written between the wars, it forecasts correctly many of the things now happening.

Dr. Heering's position is that the Christian church of the first centuries took a positive stand against war and the absolute authority of the state. With the conversion of Constantine and the elevation of his faith into the state religion came the turning point in what the author regards as the tragic fall of Christianity. Looking to the state for support it became reconciled to war and the soldier's calling.

E. Stanley Jones in his significant foreword reminds us that Dr. Heering begins with the Christian faith and works out to the problem of war, and judges it and rejects it in the light of that faith—a process which is too often reversed. The work is a thoroughgoing and clear-sighted study of our Christian faith and our relations to the state and war.—F. M. H.

**GET TOGETHER AMERICANS.** By Rachel Davis DuBois. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.75.

This stimulating book is described by religious and educational leaders as "a practical handbook for persons who wish to do something more than merely talk over racial and cultural tensions." It is invaluable as a program and project handbook for group leaders and is a valuable contribution to the literature of Americanization." It is full of practical suggestions, all tried and true, and, better still, it points the way to possible new creative experiments that may be of great value to the least experienced leader.—R. C. S.

**TRAILS OF FRIENDSHIP WITH INDIAN AMERICANS.** By Mary Garland Taylor. Friendship Press, New York. \$0.50.

This text on American Indians is planned as a guide for use by leaders of juniors and intermediates. It should prove helpful in the following groups: In regular church school classes and departments; in expanded sessions of church schools or departments; in weekday religious education classes; in schools of missions; in vacation church schools; in summer camps; and in any junior- or intermediate-age group as a basis for a series of vesper services. This manual contains suggestions for eight sessions, of whatever nature. Here are bibliographies, factual materials, stories, state-

ments from Indians, suggestions for practical projects, worship materials.

**FROM JESUS TO PAUL** (Translated by W. F. Stinespring). By Joseph Klausner. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. \$3.00.

When a loyal and devoted Jew with the scholarly resources and competence of Dr. Klausner follows his study of *Jesus of Nazareth* with an inquiry into the development of Christianity *From Jesus to Paul*, it is an event of real moment. One does not have to agree that it was Paul rather than Jesus who founded the new faith in order to appreciate the solid contribution of this writer to an understanding of early Christian sources. The combination of generosity of attitude, accuracy of description, and range and depth of inquiry, which have gone into the preparation of this book, put Christian people under a happy obligation of appreciation to this eminent Jew. More studies like this by Jewish writers and more comparable studies of the great figures of Judaism by Christian scholars would increase the two-way traffic of understanding between the great religious communities.—C. C. H.

**EMPIRE.** By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc., New York. \$1.00.

*Empire* is a small book, written in short sentences by a man who has been trained to look about the world and write down what he sees. What he sees in India, and accordingly reports in his book, is that India is ripe for independence. He writes it down so that the reader knows what he means by independence and what he means by empire. He writes it as if there can be no two ways about India's independence.

Now this can be very irritating. "It is not as simple as all that," we say, and add, "why bring it up anyway now?"

Mr. Fischer has done a very signal service in bringing up the question now. It is true that all may not be sunshine when India is free. It is true that India might never have come to her present political development if it had not been for her association with Britain. But—and here is where Mr. Fischer makes his great contribution—every articulate Indian wants freedom before anything else. Furthermore the millions of people of Southeast Asia are watching that struggle with anxious eyes. They are watching it more closely than the struggle of China or Japan. India's future is more or less their future. It is beside the point whether the immediate future with freedom will be worse or better than under the rule of empire. If these millions of people of India want a thing and are refused it, it has a very unsettling effect on the future of a peaceful world.

And that is what Mr. Fischer comes back to—the importance of India's independence in a world in which peace can be secure. Mr. Fischer is the only American correspondent today who is writing on this subject. It might be well to listen to him.

Any or all of the books reviewed may be ordered from the Methodist Publishing House, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York; 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois; 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio; 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee

# The Moving Finger Writes

## Events of a Religious and Moral Significance Drawn from the News of the World

### Rural Pastors in Convocation



Dr. A. J. Walton

¶ The National Protestant Convocation of Rural Pastors—a voluntary organization of ministers and laymen from all parts of the United States interested in the development of the rural church in America—will be held in Elgin, Illinois, November 14 to 16, it is announced by Dr. A. J. Walton, superintendent of the Department of Town and Country Work of The Methodist Church and a leader of the Convocation. The gathering will be held in the Elgin headquarters of the Church of the Brethren, a denomination that has long ministered to the rural populations of the country.

### Scripture Now in 1,062 Tongues

¶ With the recent publication of parts of the Gospel in the Walama dialect of Ethiopia, in Yipounou and Yisangou for the tribes of Gaboon, French Equatorial Africa, and in Gunwinggu for the natives of northern Australia, some part of the Scriptures has now been published in 1,062 different tongues, according to the American Bible Society, which co-operates with similar bodies in Europe in such publication. The number of languages in which the whole Bible has been published in 184; the New Testament in 233 additional languages; at least one complete book of the Bible in 557 more tongues; and parts of the Bible, though less than one complete book, in 88 additional languages.

### General Marshall Offers Prayer for Soldiers

¶ At the Easter sunrise service in Arlington National Cemetery, attended by 10,000 people, General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, offered this prayer: "Almighty God: May those who have given their lives in the service of this nation be in thy care. May those who are wounded in body find spiritual comfort under thy guidance in the knowledge that through their sacrifice a great cause has been served. May those who

offer their lives in support of that great cause by land and sea and air find strength in thy divine guidance. May all of us who serve this nation in its great purpose to secure freedom for all peoples be sustained by thy blessing. Give us strength, O Lord, that we may be pure in heart and in purpose to the end that there be peace on earth and good will among men. May we be mindful that 'still stands their ancient sacrifice, an humble and a contrite heart.' Amen."

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### "Christians From Boston"

¶ "Somewhere down in the South Seas," an army chaplain from U.S.A. was helping evacuate a number of native people from shelters where they had been hiding from bombers. One elderly woman, tightly clasping her copy of the Bible in the native tongue, finally emerged from the recesses of the cave, and announced to the chaplain, "We are Christians from Boston!"

It developed that she had first learned of Christianity from Congregational missionaries sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose headquarters are in Boston, Massachusetts. This Board sent its first missionaries to Micronesian Islands almost a century ago, and much of the early ministry was carried on from little sailing vessels built by money given by New England Sunday school children.

### Alabama Church Raises Missionary Endowment

¶ The First Methodist Church at Aniston, Alabama, under the leadership of the pastor, Dr. W. G. Henry, has raised \$25,000 for the purpose of establishing a missionary endowment. Dr. Henry is a member of the Judicial Council of The Methodist Church.



Dr. W. G. Henry

Dr. Henry has a long, unbroken record of raising money for missions over and above the regular benevolent budget. Last year his church gave special sums for work in India, China, Korea, Cuba, Mexico, and five South American countries.

### "Y" to Visit Prisoners in Philippines

¶ It is announced that, on the representation of the Swedish minister to Japan, the War Prisoners' Aid of the Young Men's Christian Association has been granted permission to extend its services to American prisoners now held in the Philippine Islands. These "Y" representatives will be nationals of neutral countries, probably Swedish. "Y" men of Swedish citizenship have already been appointed for similar service in prison camps in Japan, Thailand, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. They are permitted to provide books, garden seeds, athletic equipment, games, and musical instruments to the prisoners and to make a "general statement" (but not a detailed report) of conditions to the countries from which the prisoners come.

### Australia Methodists to Reopen Missions

¶ The Department of Overseas Missions of the Methodist Church of Australasia, Sydney, Australia, has set aside three missionaries to reopen Christian work among the natives of New Guinea "as soon as the way is open." Already a number of missionaries of the church have returned for service in the Fiji Islands. In addition, it has evangelists, teachers, doctors, nurses, agriculturists, and catechists serving in Tonga, Samoa, Papua, India, and among the aborigines in northern Australia.

## Missions Planned to Moslem Lands



Miss Glora M. Wysner

Twenty-one young people of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. are now in training in colleges and theological seminaries in order to go to Presbyterian mission fields as soon as the war is over, for service among Mohammedans, "the most difficult people on earth to convert to Christianity." Miss Glora M. Wysner, a Methodist missionary among Mohammedans in North Africa, heads a committee for the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, trying to increase Christian ministry among these people.

## Duke Endowment Helps Rural Churches

Under the direction of Dr. J. M. Ormond, of the Divinity School of Duke University, sixty-eight ministers-to-be will spend ten weeks each this summer as assistant pastors of rural Methodist churches throughout the state of North Carolina. In addition, the Duke Endowment, which directs this service, will provide funds to assist in the building of rural Methodist church buildings in various communities where the population is less than 1,500 people. These young theologians will direct vacation church schools, caravan institutes, training courses, evangelistic gatherings, recreational programs, community visitation, etc. The Duke Endowment has been serving North Carolina with such programs of men and buildings for eighteen years.

## High Brazilians Honor Missionary Teacher

Propaganda to the effect that Protestant missionaries are in disfavor in Latin America was contradicted recently when two of the highest ranking military and naval officers of Brazil visited their former teacher, Miss Layona Glenn, at Miami, Florida. Miss Glenn was for many years a missionary in Brazil and the two officers were her pupils in a Methodist school at Rio de Janeiro.

The Brazilian dignitaries were General Milton Freitas Almeida, of the Brazilian Army, and Commander Harold R. Cox, head of the Brazilian naval mission in the United States. Miami newspapers featured their visit to Miss Glenn. Her home is at Conyers, Georgia, but she was in Miami at the time as a guest of Mrs. J. W. Tarboux, widow of the former Bishop of the Brazilian

Methodist Church, and Miss Frances Tarboux.

On Sunday General Almeidas informed his hostess in Miami that he always attended church. He was taken to St. Patrick's Cathedral. When the General recognized it as a Catholic church he informed his hostess that he was a Protestant and was accordingly taken to the Protestant Church at Miami Beach. According to dispatches, the General declined both liquor and cigars at an official dinner given in his honor by the Brazilian Consul.

## Farmers Endorse Lord's Acre Plan

The Farmers' Federation of North Carolina is among the recent endorsers of the "Lord's Acre Plan" which is growing in popularity in many parts of the country. Through it members of rural churches provide a piece of land, or certain products of their farms, dairies, poultry yard, ranch, etc., the proceeds of which are given to the church for its support. The use of this plan, according to the Federation, "will stimulate in the members of the church and church school a deeper spiritual interest, and a deepened sense of responsibility to work co-operatively for a Christian world."

## Mexican Pastor Has Three Preacher Sons

The three sons of Rev. Epigmenio Velasco, for many years a leading pastor in the Methodist Church of Mexico and formerly pastor of the important Gante Church in Mexico City, have followed in the steps of their father and



are themselves Methodist preachers. The three preachers are (reading from left to right) Nelson, pastor in Chihuahua; Alfonso, a graduate of the Theological Seminary in Mexico City and student at Garrett Biblical Institute; and Gustavo, associate secretary of Christian Education in the Mexican Church. The mother of the boys, Sra. Josefina G. deVelasco, is vice-president of the Union of Woman's Evangelical Societies of Mexico.

## Tells of Europe's Post-war Church Needs

When the war is over, the needs of Christian churches in Europe, both for buildings and for men, will be staggering. According to Dr. Visser't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council of Churches, Geneva, Switzerland, needs in their order of importance will be: finance reorganizing parishes in devastated and evacuated areas, where necessary building provisional church centers; restore pastorate by reopening theological colleges, by scholarships, by adjustment of pastors' salaries; provide Christian literature, scriptures, by financing Christian publishing houses, Bible societies; enable churches to organize large scale evangelistic campaigns; enable Christian youth movements to restart activities; subsidize home missions and Christian social work; send ecumenical delegations to defeated countries; create ecumenical center in Switzerland; restore health of church leaders and renew contacts; replace missionaries in continental mission fields; rebuild destroyed churches.

## Says Christian Churches Continue in Malaya

Word comes from Chungking, West China, of the arrival there of the Rev. Marcus Chen, a well-known Chinese evangelist, who escaped from Malaya, and succeeded in reaching Free China after five months of overland travel. Mr. Marcus had been invited to Malaya on a preaching mission, and was caught there when the war broke out in that region. He brings the interesting report that the Chinese Christian churches in Malaya—of which there are hundreds, speaking a large number of dialects—are permitted to gather to sing and pray and read the Bible, but that preaching is forbidden by the Japanese authorities.

## Serve Prisoners in 20 Countries

The 76 secretaries and 223 employees of the War Prisoners' Aid of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A. now work in twenty countries on five continents. Directed from Stockholm, Chungking, Berlin, Geneva, Tokyo, Calcutta, and New York, they visit camps, make friendly contacts with activity leaders and prisoners, and give encouragement, suggestions, and material aid. Aiming to help prisoners to "defeat boredom and prepare to return fitter and better equipped for normal life," the War Prisoners' Aid has been instrumental in providing worship facilities for Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox prisoners.

## Sees Discrimination Against Ministry



Dr. Robert W. Searle

¶ The reason the Army and Navy are finding it difficult to recruit ministers for the chaplaincy is because the services do not treat the clergy on the same level of pay and rank as they treat other profes-

sions, in the opinion of Dr. Robert W. Searle, secretary of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

"No matter what the age, experience, professional standing, family obligations, or family commitments of the clergy, the Army starts all chaplains with the rank and remuneration of first lieutenant, the Navy with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade," says Dr. Searle. "But when the Army or Navy want experienced lawyers they are admitted to higher rank, sometimes as high as that of colonel. Experienced doctors are admitted to higher ranks. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, ex-prize fighters, whose experience in general physical education was presumably limited, were made lieutenant commanders. . . . The differential in the treatment of professions by the War and Navy Departments is absolutely unjustified."

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## Supports the Whole World Program One Hour

¶ To pay for the support of the whole world program of The Methodist Church for one hour is the unique missionary project adopted by the First Methodist Church of Barnesville, Ohio, under the leadership of Rev. R. S. Phillips, the pastor.

"Learning that \$9.20 would support the entire world program for one minute," explained the pastor, "I challenged my church to support it for one hour with our Easter offering. The challenge was accepted by the official board and congregation."

"For cultivation we placed a large globe in the chancel two Sundays prior to Easter. It had these words painted across it: 'First Church holds up the entire world mission of The Methodist Church for one hour on Easter Sunday. Will you help?' The church school superintendent, Mr. T. F. Mercer, gave each class a quota and in the church a minute man presented the project each Sunday.

"If we were to carry the program for one hour, it meant we must raise \$552. When the envelopes were all in the amount was \$740.45 and we got a great thrill in doing it. One lady told me she had gone without a new hat in order

to support the program for one minute and that she had received one of the greatest satisfactions of her life."

✧

## Will Racism Cause World War III?

¶ Methodist ministers and laymen, from all parts of the United States, met recently at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, under the leadership of Dr. E. D. Soper, to consider "Racism



Dr. Edmond D. Soper

and World Order," and the program of the church in this field.

Its conclusions were disturbing: Racism—which includes race prejudice, the philosophy of superior and inferior races, and the persecution and economic subjection of any group of people be-

cause of their color, race, language, or religion—is a social phenomenon that has grown tremendously across the world during the past century.

Racism can be traced to economic struggle or competition; but more lately a pseudo-religious or pseudo-scientific philosophy of superiority-inferiority has been developed as its justification. It may increase rather than decrease after World War II because of expected economic struggle among nations and groups within nations.

Racism even now is sowing seeds which may lead to World War III—a war which may be the races of color against the white man. Unless the "terms of peace," especially the economic terms, are fair and just to all men everywhere (including the losers in battle) that war is now in the making.

✧

## Methodist Churches Have 4,628 Scout Troops

¶ The largest number of troops and packs of the Boy Scouts of America, sponsored by churches, are those in Methodist churches—4,628. Other churches with more than one thousand troops, in the order of their numbers, are the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Evangelical, the Lutheran, and the Protestant Episcopal.

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★ Copies printed and on order January 1 were 1,012,210. **75 cents each** **\$7.50 a dozen**

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## A World of Plenty

☐ A significant new 16mm sound picture entitled "World of Plenty" has recently been released by the Department of Visual Education. The film deals with the whole problem of food, including



An English housewife who explains how rationing works in "A World of Plenty"

its production, distribution, and consumption. Its underlying implication is that in peace as well as in war an adequate supply of food is basic in human well-being.

The picture starts with the prewar problems of over-production and the anomaly of glutted food markets and hungry people. It covers the control exercised over the production, distribution, and price of food during the present war period and ends with a picture of what might be done when peace comes by adjusting world-wide food production to the total world needs. That would include a plan of distribution conceived on a large enough scale to do away with surplus and scarcity.

An impressive group of experts from England and America are called upon throughout the film to give evidence and advice on all these various problems connected with food. There is Sir John Orr, nutrition expert; the United States Secretary of Agriculture, Claude R. Wickard; Lord Woolton, who as British Minister of Food has had the job of feeding the British for the past three years of war; and Mr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain.

The film arrives at the conclusion that we cannot attain freedom from want until every man, woman, and child shall have enough of the right kind of food to enable them to develop their full and inherited capacity for health and well-being.

This film is well adapted to film-forum use under church or community auspices. A special pamphlet of discussion outlines is available. Running time of the film is forty-five minutes.

The service charge on this film is \$4.00. It may be secured from any one of the following depositories: Department of Visual Education, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York; Visual Materials, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois; Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee;

Visual Materials, 125 East Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 12, California; and Miss Elaine Sorensen, 408 Artisans Building, Portland 5, Oregon.

A complete catalog of available pictures will be mailed upon request to any of the depositories.

## 3,000,000 Scriptures Issued Free

☐ Since the beginning of hostilities, the American Bible Society has furnished free 3,000,000 copies of the Bible, the New Testament, or portions of the Scriptures to Army and Navy chaplains to distribute to men in service at home and abroad.

## Mrs. Howard Retires From Puerto Rico School

☐ Under the heading, "Deed Well Done," a recent issue of the Puerto Rico *World Journal*, daily newspaper in San Juan, Puerto Rico, recently paid tribute to Mrs. Estella Searles Howard, who has returned to the United States upon retiring from the superintendency of the George O. Robinson School for Underprivileged Children operated in San Juan.

Prior to going to Puerto Rico, Mrs. Howard had worked with her husband, the late Herbert Howard, in educational and missionary work. After eleven years in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, the couple conducted a school in Georgia, and during her sixteen-year stay there, carrying on the work after her husband died, Mrs. Howard built up the hill-country school to accommodate about 350 students. She was graduated in 1904 from Northwestern University.

## Indians Play Memorial Football

☐ A memorial football game honoring the late Chick Twist, Cocopah Indian soldier killed in action at Bataan, was played recently by his Indian friends at Yuma, Arizona, reports the Rev. A. M. Krahl, superintendent of the Yuma and Cocopah Mission in Yuma. The game was played silently and reverently. Later, with Mr. Krahl's help, a stone monument was erected in memory of the soldier.

At the Yuma Mission, a service flag bearing 92 blue stars was recently dedicated with appropriate services. Ninety of the young men represented are Quechan Indians. One young man is now reported to be a prisoner of war in the Philippines and was one of the first men to receive the Distinguished Service Cross from General MacArthur on Bataan. Another holds the Purple Heart medal, while many others have received honorable mention for gallant service.

## Africa Missionaries on Furlough

☐ Miss Myrtle Zicafoose, educational missionary, and Miss Ruth O'Toole, registered nurse, under the Woman's Division of the Board of Missions and Church Extension, arrived recently in New York City on furlough from the Methodist mission at Lusambo, Congo Belge, Central Africa.

Enrollment in the entire mission school program is approximately 400, says Miss Zicafoose. Miss O'Toole, who has done much medical work among lepers in the district, emphasizes the need for expanded medical education and continued instruction in health care. "You can't talk religion to a man who is sick and down and out," she says. After a few days in New York, Miss Zicafoose and Miss O'Toole went to Asbury, West Virginia, to spend their furlough with relatives and friends.

## General's Mother Founded Mission Society

☐ It was the mother of the famous General Montgomery, of the British Army, who years ago founded the Home Mission Union in Tasmania. This is a Church of England society serving the native peoples of various South Sea islands. Its program includes providing clergy for needy parishes, chaplains for lonely islands, and religious ministrations for lighthouses. There are seventy-three Church of England parishes in Tasmania, and they count as members almost half the population of the area.

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WORLD OUTLOOK

## Why Russia Fascinates Europe

“It is not difficult to understand that millions in Europe are fascinated by Russia,” says a European correspondent of Dr. J. H. Oldham, London missionary leader.

“The astonishing vitality of the Russian people, the extraordinary sacrifices which they make for the common cause, the remarkable unity which they show, the independence and skill of their foreign policy and propaganda, the impression made by Russian prisoners of war and Russian workers—all these things have helped to change the mental picture which continental Europeans had of Bolshevism,” continues this correspondent. “No propaganda is powerful enough to succeed against such facts.

“The fascination is perhaps increased by the mystery that surrounds Russia. The dialectical tension and the contradictions in the Soviet policy baffle anyone who tries to understand it, and make it almost impossible to arrive at a balanced judgment about the real significance of Russia’s role in the present and in the future.

“But however complicated the Russian situation may be, for the proletarianized masses it represents something very simple: namely, a working alternative to their present slavery. For them Russia becomes increasingly the country which offers what they want most: liberty and social justice.

“This is true in the occupied countries, where communism plays a great role in the resistance movement. It is becoming increasingly true in Germany, where the process of proletarianization is going on at a terrifying speed and where the policy of an understanding with Russia is making headway, especially, but not exclusively, in the army, Russian propaganda is making very clever use of this mood. The promises which it makes seem far more concrete than anything which comes from the West. The possibility of a landslide towards the East would not be a great danger, if it were certain that Russia will be a constructive element in the European situation. But this is by no means certain. If Russia is left alone in Europe, the temptation to dominate and exploit the situation will be strong. For the sake of the future it is essential that the Russian way-out should not become the only way-out.

“But there is more. The turning of the proletarian masses toward Russia is not merely based on their desire for social justice, but also on their despair. Their interest in Russia is to a large extent their interest in the overthrowing of all remnants of the traditional social and political order. It is clear that radical changes must take place in that order: but they should take place

on the basis of the fundamental European tradition, which is Christian, and, therefore, personalistic and anti-totalitarian. For Europe as a whole to adopt the solution which these masses consider as the Russian solution would be to commit suicide.”



## Mental Hospital Established in Chengtu

Under the auspices of mission-sponsored West China Union University and of the municipality of Chengtu, West China, one of that nation’s few mental hospitals has recently been opened in Chengtu. The University is furnishing a staff of Chinese, American, and British experts, and the city is providing the funds for the undertaking. The University, which a few years ago had 500 students, now harbors more than 3,000; for on its campus are the refugee universities of Cheeloo, Giling, Nanking, and Yenching, all of which have been driven out of Occupied China by the war. One member of the University staff has lost his life and a number of others have contracted malaria bringing convoys of supplies from distances of 2,000 miles.



## Miss Sosa Matthew Heads India Y.W.C.A.

For the first time in the history of the Young Women’s Christian Association in India, an Indian woman has been named to the office of National General Secretary, the highest executive office. She is Miss Sosa Matthew, and she succeeds in that office the much-beloved Miss Anne Guthrie. The ceremony of the “lighted lamp,” in which the new secretary received the symbol of the office from her predecessor, was recently held in the chapel of Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, before a body of 140 delegates from Y.W.C.A.’s in India, China, Burma, Ceylon, and Egypt. Among those present were Lady Rani Maharaj Singh, national president of the Y.W.C.A. of India, and Madam Tsai-Kwei, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of China.



## Service Men Use Religious Reading

The USO, serving service men throughout the United States and wherever they are sent overseas, tries to furnish them with reading matter and literature on many subjects: science, art, educational topics, religion, etc. Such literature is issued to the men only on request. The USO recently announced that “the amount of religious material is only a few thousand pieces less than the total of all other literature loaned and distributed in the same month.”

# EACH IN HIS OWN WAY

Every minister who considers it important to save the democratic process, the basic freedoms and the spiritual ideals of America as a climate in which Christianity can best develop, must help sound the alarm against pagan statism—in his own way.

Every minister who believes that above political partisanship and personalities there are spiritual principles at stake in trends which have been developing in America, has a responsibility to be counted on behalf of those spiritual ideals—in his own way.

Every minister who understands the priority of basic freedom over promised security, who knows the experience of Rome under Diocletian or Egypt 600 years earlier, recognizes their tragedies in the making here now and has a responsibility to help prevent them in America—in his own way.

Every minister who knows that the righting of great wrongs requires “blood, sweat, and tears” will not be afraid to challenge his followers to hard and courageous action in righting our trends—in his own way.

Every minister who believes that the basic freedoms—free speech, free pulpit, free assembly, free enterprise, and free press—are interdependent and vital will make his influence count on their behalf—in his own way.

Spiritual Mobilization does not undertake to tell ministers HOW to do this job. Pastors of small churches, large churches, different denominations and different areas will naturally follow varied techniques. We just consider the issue vitally important and we know ministers are apt to stand mute instead of being counted in these matters.

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## Indian Medalist Also Methodist

☐ Lt. Ernest Childers, Creek Indian hero and one of the fifteen men now living to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, is on the service roll of the Springtown Methodist Church, chapel of the Oklahoma Indian Mission near Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, to which the hero returned recently, "mighty pleased" with the ovation given him by thousands of fellow townsmen who proclaimed a community holiday in Broken Arrow to do him honor. "Not so much for myself," said the 26-year-old hero, addressing the 5,000 persons present, "but for my comrades in the service as well. These ceremonies here signify the appreciation of the home-folks to all our men and women in the armed services, rather than to me as an individual."

The "distinguished service on the Anzio beachhead," for which Lieutenant Childers received the nation's highest decoration and the battlefield promotion from first sergeant to second lieutenant, was modestly and methodically told by the hero, together with Lieut. Charles E., "Commando," Kelley, in the first "double-barreled" interview of war heroes in the Pentagon Building in Washington, D. C. Both were relieved when the interview ended. Lieutenant Childers told of leading a squad of eight men up a hill against machine gun nests, killing two snipers, wiping out a machine gun crew single-handed and another with the help of one of his men, and also capturing an enemy mortar observer. He used his carbine as a crutch when his instep was broken and he could hardly walk as he advanced alone against German machine gun nests and mortars. He also had wounded soldiers of his unit moved to a first-aid station on stretchers after the engagement, hobbling there himself, still using his carbine as a crutch. For this Lieutenant Childers' citation commended "exceptional leadership, initiative, calmness under fire, and conspicuous gallantry."

The late Ellis Childers, father of Ernest Childers, was a prominent member of the Springtown Church, according to Superintendent W. U. Witt of the Oklahoma Methodist Mission. "At one time he was a Methodist minister and quite an able preacher," says Dr. Witt, "but in later years his license was not renewed. Ernest is a member of the same church and the pastor has promised to give a big feast, welcome, and reception in his honor." Lieutenant Childers is also a cousin of Mrs. D. B. Childers, for many years a recognized leader among the Creek Indians and

prominently identified with the Oklahoma Mission's educational activities.



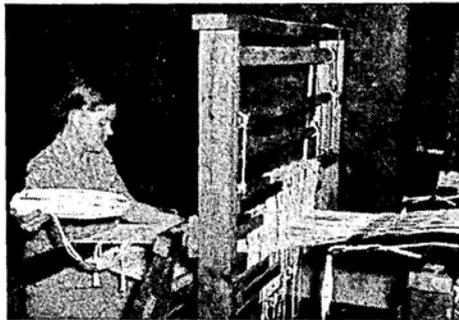
## Nisei Invited to Denver Church

☐ Formation of mixed Caucasian and Nisei (American-born Japanese) groups of young people has been encouraged by the Rev. Edgar M. Wahlberg, pastor of Grace Community Church, Denver, Colorado. Dr. Wahlberg has also offered the use of the church to these young people, who have held several successful planning meetings there. Two Nisei and two Caucasians served on the temporary committee which sponsored an enjoyable folk dancing session which about fifty young people attended. The second get-together consisted of an informal talkfest, during which the problems of Nisei assimilation into American life were discussed.



## Marketing Co-operative Thrives at Pittman Center

☐ To enlarge the marketing opportunities for beautiful hand-made linens, woven by the women of the Great Smoky Mountains, a co-operative has



Working at the loom, Pittman Center

been established at Pittman Center, Sevierville, Tennessee. In the first ten months of its organization, members received \$3,949.39 for handicrafts sold. The co-operative was started when four women came together and expressed a desire to organize a co-operative, which was patterned on Rochdale principles, the price of each share being ten dollars. Pittman Community Center offered its facilities and furnished leadership for the project. The co-operative now has eight stockholders. One member has averaged between \$200 and \$300 per month, while others have steadily progressed.

Additional marketing facilities are needed, says Superintendent Robert F. Thomas, who will welcome inquiries concerning the purchase of the linens or

of arrangements whereby they may be received on consignment by church members or organizations. A number of the designs are original with the mountain weavers.

"While we realize that this is a small enterprise, we feel that it is a step in the right direction," says Dr. Thomas. "We are helping these splendid people to help themselves by offering a little guidance as to the best use of their resources."

Dr. Thomas' address is Pittman Center, Route 9, Sevierville, Tennessee.



## Negroes Invited to This Ministerial Association

☐ The Haywood County Ministerial Association, meeting in Waynesville, North Carolina, each month, has invited all ordained Negro ministers of churches in that county to become members of the Association, and has announced that hereafter the body will be interracial as well as interdenominational. It expresses the "hope that the white and Negro ministers may find mutual benefit from the plan and may work better together on behalf of the Christian ministry."

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He believes, however, that "America's power and influence in the world will be determined by her ability to set her own house in order." That this house is not in order is of vital concern to Dr. Jones, both as a citizen and as a Christian, because "America is God's experimental ground, his demonstration center. . . . We are the world's proving ground. As we go, the world goes." And "to the degree that faith is operative in our national life, to that degree will our nation be sound, and consequently lasting. When that faith decays, our country, founded on it, will decay with it!"

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*I am Marcellus,*

soldier son of a Roman senator. Ordered to crucify an itinerant Jewish preacher—a Strange Man with eyes unutterably sad—I won his Robe at dice. The touch of that garment changed my life; through it I entered upon a journey full of peril and persecution until at the end I found love and peace and faith.



*I am Diana,*

who loved Marcellus and thought our Roman gods enough, until I heard the story of that Strange Man on the Cross, and saw and felt the power of the new way of life he preached. Thereafter I, too, renounced many things, braved many things—finding that not even the threat of death itself could shake my new happiness.



*I am Demetrius,*

educated son of a Greek shipowner. Bound in slavery to Marcellus, I was also bound to him by friendship—after the Robe awoke in us both the will to challenge all the evils of our day.

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